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# PEN SKETCH OF THE ROMANTIC PAST.

BY CLARA M. WHITE.

Few people realize what a quaintly picturesque and historically interesting little village nestles on the south bank of the Minnesota River about midway between the Twin Cities. It is an ideal spot in which to dream away a few idle summer hours, and the enchanted visitor can easily fancy himself in some foreign land. Many of the inhabitants of the place speak the Canadian French as their every-day language, and many of the faces are of a distinctly foreign cast. In addition to the French are Scotch, Irish, German, and Indian types. Then there are the half-breeds, quarter-breeds and still further dilutions of the pure Indian blood.

Such a variety of nationalities is seldom brought together in a small American town; yet if one awakes from the dream and insists on reality, St. Paul can be seen in the distance, and the roofs of Fort Snelling are not far away in an opposite direction. The artists of the Northwest have found the place out, and the children, the Indians, the half-breeds, the old houses, and the pretty bits of scenery have furnished abundant material for many a brush and pencil. At one time the town was quite overrun with the lords and ladies of the palette and easel. That was when a popular young Minneapolis artist conducted a summer art school there in the old Sibley House. He fell in love with one of his pretty students, and one day they married and went to Paris for further study and inspiration. Then a woman artist with a heavy burden on her heart opened the house for a summer school; but the burden was greater than she could bear, and she thrust out her hand to open for herself the door that leads into another existence, where all burdens are taken away, and the sad hearts are made joyous. Today it is only an

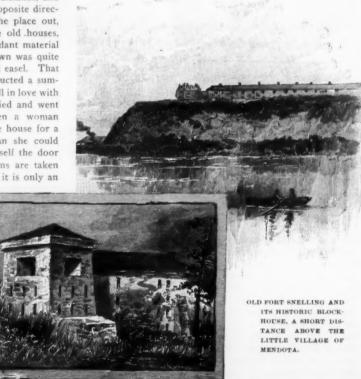
occasional artist who finds the way to the old place and sets up an easel and an umbrella upon the hillside.

The old Sibley House is the center of interest now as it was sixty years ago. The young man who built it and lived so many years in it. and whose life is so inextricably intertwined with the history of Minnesota. must, in some occult way, have impressed upon if a part of his own strong, generous character; for even in its present ruined and desolate condition, with inborn dignity it speaks of better days. It has an air of substantiality seldom seen in American houses. It had to be made suitable for both shel-

ter and protection in those pioneer days, a half-century and more ago, when the surrounding wilderness was peopled by the savage Dakotahs. The scene looking up the Minnesota River from the shore in front of the Sibley House must then have been very like what it is now, but in other directions signs of the white man and his civilization are more evident.

Another interesting old house, near the Sibley House, was built a couple of years later by Alexander Faribault. It, too, is of the rough, unhewn stone, thick-walled, and now almost in ruins. It was a hotel in its palmy days, patronized in the summer by St. Paul and Fort Snelling guests. It can hardly be seen from the street, so dense is the shade of the old trees surrounding it. An aged couple, of eighty and ninety years respectively, are the occupants at present. The old wife is bedridden, but enjoys the chance visitor, and will talk, as long as her short breath will allow, of the old times,—the fur-traders, the Indians, the gay summer guests, the priests, the sisters, the Indian scare. She has lived in the vicinity for nearly a half-century and in a half-century much may happen.

In contrast to these old houses is a very new-looking building a few yards away. It is the leading hotel of today. It is



very wooden, and is of the most unpicturesque style of architecture that could possibly be devised. The freshest of paint and the whitest of plaster gives it an appearance of almost appalling cleanliness. Straight-backed chairs are set in rows along opposite walls of the small parlor. The table napery in the dining-room is of checkered red material, and the spoons are made of tin. Canadian French is the language of the house; and, to harmonize with the general tone of unreality, transient guests are obliged to actually beg to be taken in and allowed to occupy a room. The reason assigned is that the landlady and her daughters have all they can attend to without any extra guests. Evidently the almighty dollar is not the chief end and aim of life in Mendota; rather the ability to lead a peaceful and not too arduous existence.

A full-blooded Sioux, a resident of Mendota, is old Nicobac, as he is popularly called. He is quite a civilized Indian, however, who lives in a little frame cabin and wears clothes like those of the white man. A peek through the window of his cabin reveals a neat-looking interior, whose principal article of furniture appears to be a cook-stove. The owner takes his mattress and bedding out of doors, these warm spring days, and apends much of his time sleeping in the sun. Perhaps if he had known what was going on, he would have desired to scalp the

last, tottering and breathless, she reaches the summit, and gently lays the body on the turf. She quickly and skillfully cuts and brings from the woods forks and poles, and erects a scaffold up there against the blue sky. She places Eagle Eye upon it, and then, with one glance at the beauty of the meeting of the graceful Minnesota with the Father of Waters, she adjusts around her neck the strap by which she has carried her burden, and swings off to meet the Great Spirit and be once more with her Eagle Eye.

The village has disappeared, and all about the dreamer is the wilderness. Not even an Indian tepee is in sight; but in swift stealthiness, on their hunting or fighting expeditions, pass and repass along the hidden trails the dwellers in Black Dog's village, which is but a short distance up the river.

After a period of dreamless sleep, another vision comes. An Indian brave, passing by, sees flying up the river a strange-looking winged canoe. He dives into the forest and brings back other Indians, who, with dilated eyes, watch this supernatural thing pass and take the direction of their village. They steal after, in breathless awe, not knowing what may be coming upon them. But the dreamer knows that it is only Le Sueur on his way up the Minnesota.

The third vision causes the dreamer to sit up and rub his







CANADIAN FRENCH, WITH PERHAPS A TRACE OF INDIAN BLOOD.



PAINTING A PICTURE OF THE OLD

adventurous white woman with the camera who stole up one morning and snapped him as he lay asleep by his cabin-door. With a red bandanna spread over his face, and one brown foot resting on a drawn-up knee, he was quite oblivious to the miraculous little black box. Poor old Nicobac! His squaw died not many moons ago, and he is old and all alone. Let him sleep in the sun till the summons comes.

In sharp contrast with the bustling life of the Twin Cities is the air of repose and quiet in this village by the "sky-tinted water." Gradually there comes over the wanderer who has stolen away from the hurry and worry, the turmoil and confusion, the glare and clatter of the city streets, an overpowering, overmastering, ever-increasing drowsiness. He wishes nothing in the world but to go a little farther up the side of old Pilot Knob, lie down under the grand old oak trees, and sleep. Let him yield to the desire, for, doing so, he may dream, and see enacted before him scenes from the past. And first he sees Scarlet Dove, the young Indian wife of bygone years, who toils up the slope and passes him, bearing upon her back the dead body of her beloved, the brave, fleet, beautiful Eagle Eye. Her straight black hair hangs around her shoulders, her dark eyes have a wild despair in them, the flesh of her arms and breast is gashed and bleeding,-the outward sign of her inward woe. At eyes, for, sailing into the Minnesota and approaching the shore below him, is an imposing looking flotilla of barges and boats loaded down with provisions and stores, and bearing many white men in the uniforms of soldiers. He feels that the forest around him is filled with braves and squaws whose black eyes peer from behind the tree-trunks in as great astonishment as his. A landing is made, and in a moment all is hurry and apparent confusion. The soldiers set about cutting down the trees and making a clearing. Then log huts are erected and plastered with clay, and the officers' wives come ashore and live in them. The Indians grow angry at this intrusion, and approach the white men with grunts of disapproval. The white men bring from one of their boats hundreds of dollars' worth of presents for the Indians, and the poor savages, delighted, leave the intruders in peace. The officers and their wives are young, and full of life. In strange contrast to the former heavy silence, sounds of music and dancing are often heard. Ere long this company of people take their departure for the opposite shore, where it has been decided to build a fort for the military occupation of the Northwest. The dreamer and the dusky denizens of the forest are again left in peace.

Scarcely does the sleeper turn and drop into oblivion once more, before another vision comes. It is very real. A goodsized steamboat of a very antiquated type comes puffing along and heads for the shore. Many Indians stand at the edge of the clearing watching it. They are apprehensive, but endeavoring to appear very brave. They think it some great monster of the deep. Surely it lives, this puffing, coughing, moving thing! With a great splashing it touches land. The Indians withdraw a little into the forest. Suddenly it blows off steam. The Indians forget everything but their terror, and run for cover. The dreamer on the hillside laughs aloud in his sleep.

Now a young white man scarcely more than a boy comes, at the head of a company of fur-traders, and makes his abode in the forest. He has horses and dogs and guns; he dresses almost as the Indians do, in moccasins and furs. He is a great hunter, a fine shot, a good friend to the Indians. He builds yonder stone mansion. He entertains famous men from the outside world. A fair woman comes to be his wife, and by and by little children play around the gray stone house by the shore. Up on Pilot Knob the Indian chiefs meet the white chiefs, and sign away their title to the fair, fertile land which is to become a part of the great State of Minnesota. After a time the builder of the mansion, with his wife and family, leaves the old home, endeared to him in so many ways, to make another and more elegant one over there in St. Paul. But before he goes he sets aside a part of his land for some needy Indian friends of his, on the condition that they shall try to lead a civilized life.

There seems to be quite a village down there now, but the sleeper's thoughts are always drawn to that gray stone house. White-capped sisters and young girls flit about in it for a time, and then,—no more smoke from the chimney, it is deserted.

. . .

One must not dream always. The white man is not a ward of the nation. He cannot spend the rest of his days in a pretty cabin in Frog Town, by turns sleeping in the sun or wandering out with his gun for game. He must earn his own bread and butter, and he must not let the Mendota somnolence entirely corquer his energy. Let him shake off, before that, the heaviness from his limbs, the drowsiness from his brain, and let him return to the life to which he was born. At the same time, let him know that once in a long while it will be good for his soul to spend a peaceful day in this deep-hidden, green-embowered, slumber-locked village.

#### A LOST TRIBE IN ARCTIC CANADA.

The federal authorities at Ottawa have been notified of the discovery on a lonely island in Hudson's Bay of a lost tribe of Esquimaux, a community which has been for centuries without intercourse with other representatives of the human species, and whose members never saw a white man until a few months ago. They are still in the Stone Age, knowing no metals; they grow no plants, and their houses are built of the skulls of whales.

The home of this strange tribe is on Southampton Island, a piece of water-girt land nearly as big as the State of Maine, and

situated at the north end of Hudson's Bay. Apparently the people have dwelt there ever since pre-Columbian times, and today they subsist in exactly the same way as they must have done then. Having been isolated for so long a period, it is natural that they should possess many peculiarities. A collection of their utensils, weapons of the chase, and other objects was secured by a whaling-vessel that recently visited their island, but, to the regret of the Canadian authorities, they have all passed into the possession of persons in New York.

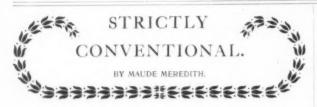
Their houses of skulls, more properly described as huts, are built by putting together the great jaws of whales, and then covering them over with skins. In the middle of the primitive dwelling is an elevated place on which stands the inevitable stone lamp, employed for lighting, heating, cooking, melting snow, drying clothes, and in certain arts. The lamp is nothing more than an open dish of whale or seal-oil, with a wick of dry moss soaked in fat. The whale is the chief means of subsistence of these strange people. They use the whalebone in a variety of surprising ways, making even their cups and buckets of it by bending it into round shapes and sewing on the bottoms. Many of their implements are of whalebone, and from the same article they make toboggan-like sleds. They also manufacture sledges with walrus-tusks for runners and deer antlers for crosspieces.

It would be hard to find more daring hunters than they are; the seal, the walrus, and the wary caribou contributing to their game-bags. The tribe comprises only fifty-eight individuals, about equally divided between the sexes. Its members speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, and quite unlike that employed by any other Esquimaux. Straits thirty miles broad separate Southampton Island from the western shore of Hudson's Bay, where there is a colony of Esquimaux, and once in a very long while the straits freeze over. It is said that this happened seventy-five years ago, and then a few hunters came over from the island to the mainland, where they were much surprised to encounter other human beings like themselves, having doubtless imagined that they were the only people in existence. This is now a tradition with the natives of the mainland, who say that the strangers brought two sledges with them, but went away again and never returned. Neither before nor since, so far as can be ascertained, has any news come from the lost tribe until

On Southampton Island there is no soapstone, which among the Esquimaux elsewhere is the favorite material for pots and kettles. Hence the people of the lost tribe are obliged to make such receptacles out of slabs of limestone glued together in rectangular shapes with a mixture of grease and deer-blood. In the same way they manufacture their lamps, and this fact is another evidence of the prolonged isolation of the community, inasmuch as other Esquimaux, when they can obtain no soapstone in their own neighborhood, will make trips lasting several months in search of this rare material.



THE QUAINT VILLAGE OF MENDOTA, ONCE FAMOUS IN MINNESOTA ANNALS.



"I'll bet on the bay, and if you lose you'll have to-to-pay a forfeit."

"A forfeit? Very well; but how does it happen that you do not bet gloves?"

Flossy Tappam tossed her head with a scornful little grimace. "Oh, all the girls bet gloves; that's so common."

"Very well. Then you bet on the bay against my bet on the black."

"And if I lose?" Flossy questioned.

"Oh, just the old story-a hat ribbon."

Flossy clapped her kidded hands and said, "That's all right. I've a lovely big H among my embroidery patterns."

Hugh Hosterman tipped his hat as he bowed himself away from the phaeton where Miss Tappam and her friend were seated—well down the long line of teams that stretched from the grand-stand to the quarter-pole. This was a gala day, the second of the great fall races, and the people had turned out en masse to enjoy the sport. Tomorrow would be the biggest day of all; two trotters with fine records were to be there, come all the way from an adjoining State. This was the Inter-State Fair, it must be remembered, and tomorrow the little city of would outdo herself in gay dress and attendance.

Young Hosterman threaded his way back to the grand-stand, and took his seat by the side of pretty Ruth Brighton. He had brought her to the races, and had only run down the line, while they were changing horses, for a word with Charlie Fair about their boat. It was on his return that Flossy had called out to him and dared him to bet with her.

The jockeys were still scoring as he took his seat, but at the next turn the horses came well up in a bunch, and the call to go was given them. It was a pretty race—seven horses, and all came in as they had started, pretty well bunched, the bay only a nose ahead.

As was the custom, the horses were led off, and a running race called. Again the trotters came out, and this time the black won by half a length. This necessitated an extra heat, and the bay won only at the end of the fifth.

Hugh caught the flutter of a handkerchief away down the line, and it reminded him of his bet.

"By Jove!" he said to Ruth, "I bet on the black against the winner with Flossy Tappam, and I'll have to run down and speak to her; excuse me for a moment."

There was one last running race, and the horses were being brought out. Here and there the crowds were breaking up, some to drive out of the gates before the throng, and others who intended to walk or to take an early car.

Flossy drove her pony furiously up toward the stand, and met Hugh as he stepped down.

"Oh, oh! Ah-ha, ah-ha!" she cried gleefully.

Already the thoroughbreds were off, and Hugh made haste. "I'm beaten, Miss Flossy, fair and square. I've lost my prospective tie. Now what was it you were to win?"

"I said pay a forfeit," she pouted. Flossie was a pretty girl at times, particularly when elegantly dressed, as she was today; and her color was brilliant. There was a wicked glint in her black eyes, however, that some people had seen, and did not like. It is claimed that cats have claws, but there are times when you cannot believe so.

"Well, forfeit, then. What shall it be? Is it a bangle brace-

"No, no! I told you such bets are so common. Mine must be unique. Let's see: it shall be—oh! I know—you shall bring me to the races tomorrow. Now, that would be out of the ordinary as a bet, would it not?"

Flossy saw the smile die on the young man's lips, and in her heart she hated him for it; but she leaned forward and smiled sweetly.

"Let it be about two o'clock when we start. The racing begins at one, but that is too beastly early, don't you think?"

"Very well, then; we will say at two o'clock," he said, and, bowing, he moved away.

The last race was run, and the people in the grand-stand were rising. On the way home he told Ruth of the little affair, and laughed as though it were a joke. In his heart he was sorely annoyed, but he argued that if he made it appear as a joke to her, she would not share his annoyance.

Of course, she misunderstood him. And of course she saw "Mrs. Grundy's" side of the question. Their engagement was not yet three months old, although known all over town; and to have her accepted lover attend another young lady to the fair and races on this, the great day, would make no end of talk and would be very humiliating to her. She knew that Flossy had planned for this, and herein lay the principal sting. Tears started in her eyes, but she turned away her face, and sulked. At least, that was what Hugh called it later; and when she told him that he had been neatly caught in one of Flossy's many traps, he felt a bit of unacknowledged pique himself.

The tiff grew and widened. Hugh knew he was wrong, but he was ashamed to acknowledge it, and after one word had led to another he left her at her father's gate, with the curt remark that he would give her a few days to think it over, and that when she wanted him she could send him word. He went home thoroughly hating himself, and he attended the races the next day, with Miss Tappam, in no angelic frame of mind. She saw it, knew the reason, and ground her set teeth in a bit of white, voiceless rage.

They were pretending a great interest in the races, for which they did not care a straw, when they saw Ruth drive up in company with a handsome stranger. She wore the new dress and hat which, Hugh remembered, with a sharp sting, she had shown him and said, "That's to wear when my sweetheart takes me to the great day of the races." She looked like a blossom, Hugh thought—like a wild rosebud, in her sea of white laces, the great pink roses nodding on her white hat.

The day had been a black one, before; it was a moonless midnight, after this. And the next day he waited for a note—the next, and yet the day after. And at the end of a month he had grown pale and hollow-eyed. He had written at least a thousand notes of abject apology—and torn them up. He haunted the streets she would be liable to pass. He stood over across from the Facade, and watched the door of the public library by the hour. Then he swung himself off down the street in a rage at his folly. "Ruth idle in the public library now? Not much!



" 'Say, Billir, let's see it;' and she flipped it quichly from his grasp, and read the address."

He knew her heart too well. She couldn't do it. No, sir, she couldn't do it! Why, he had not looked into a book since."

And then he met Flossy, who smiled her sweetest, called him an old bear, and invited him to call. And then, as an afterthought, she cried, "Oh, say! did you know that Ruth Brighton has gone down to Keokuk to spend the winter with her married sister?"

He did not answer, but his face turned white to the lips.

"Oh, of course you knew, but it was news to me. They say she did not make a good-bye call, not one. You are in an awful rush, it seems to me. Well, be sure to come up some evening. Good-bye, ta-ta!"

Hugh walked on down the street in a white fury. "Oh, you blooming idiot! You go, you fool, and do what you should have done at first—apologize, like a man." He went directly to his office, and wrote to Ruth. There was no tearing up. this time; he knew what he wanted to say, and he said it. He knew her sister's address, and addressed her there. Then he called the office-boy, handed him the letter, and told him to mail it directly.

The office-boy was the chum of Frankie Tappam. As he reached the street, Flossy, who was standing there, hailed him.

"What's in your hand, Billie?" she asked, smiling.

"Letter."

"Say, Billie, let's see it"; and she flipped it quickly from his grasp, and read the address.

"So you post letters, do you, Billie? Well, let me make a trade with you. My shoestring is untied, and I've got to go home; I'll mail this as I pass the box"—dropping it into her hand-bag; "and I'll give you a quarter if you will run down to the corner and get me ten cents' worth of chocolate creams at the Candy Kitchen."

"Oh, I'll do it for nothin', an' mail the letter too," he replied. holding out a hand. But she stepped quickly into the doorway of the grocery, and said, "Be a good boy, Billie, and run quick."

Billie ran. She would not take the fifteen cents in change when he returned, but with her tiny bag of chocolates she turned toward home.

Hugh Hosterman waited for an answer from his letter. He counted the time-tables, and estimated the shortest routes. He reckoned mail hours, and set the earliest possible limit for a return answer. But none came.

Then he set a medium limit, and waited. Still no answer. He added on more time, and waited in heartburning impatience. And yet longer he waited. Fall had turned to winter and winter to spring. Hugh was a silent shadow of his former gay self. People rallied him, and people questioned. The verdict seemed to be that Ruth had "shaken" him, and he let it stand.

May had come around again, and a rumor had reached him that Ruth was coming home. He knew exactly what he would do; he would call at the earliest possible moment; he would ignore the unanswered letter; he would begin with that mistake of the summer before. She should hear his apology; she must listen. Pshaw! of course she would. He knew Ruth's heart, and it would all be made right, and this horrible nightmare would be over and past. Oh, she surely would come now, at any day, any hour.

He raised his head from his desk as he heard the hoarse note of one of the Diamond Jo packets. He counted—two long and three short toots; yes, surely, surely Ruth would come on this boat. He sprung to his feet, and caught his hat. He could reach the levee in time to see her, if she were among the passengers. "Ah! Ruthie, his own little Ruthie"; and his heart beat like the sound of great hammers in his ears. Out, and down the long outside iron stairway that led to the street below, and there was the car, not a half-minute late. And there, too, coming across the street, was Flossy—gay in her new spring attire. She held out her hand:

"Oh, say, such a piece of news as I've just heard. You remember Ruth Brighton?"—as though he did not remember her. Why, his very head swam with excitement at that moment. "Well, she was married months ago to that—that—hand-

some fellow who used to visit her so often. He went to the fair with her last year, you know. Yes, she was married a month after she left here. No wonder she never wrote a word to any of us! I know a lot of girls who wrote her, but she never answered one of us. Well, I did not know whether you had heard of it or not. Now, maybe she sent you some wedding cake. Ruth always was partial to gentlemen."

Hugh did not see the boat land. Nor did Ruth come on that boat. She was tossing about with a long run of slow fever at the home of her sister, and it was months before she was able to go home. And when she was, Miss Flossy Tappam was Mrs. Hugh Hosterman. So Ruth did not go back. She turned her fine musical education into a commercial line, and took up music-teaching.

"Oh, Ruth," her mother wrote, "why do you not come home? You do not need to work for pay."

But Ruth knew why she needed work. Five years slipped by, and on the day that Billie graduated from his position as office-boy, a sudden thought occurred to his employer:

"Billie," he said, "I will give you a first-class recommendation, but I want to ask you a question. To whom did you give that letter which I sent you to post five years ago?"

The young man's face flushed.

"Oh, I did not know that I ought not to have done so then, but I have better sense now. I suppose Mrs. Hasterman told you. I dare say she thought me untrustworthy, but I never did such a thing except that once."

The question had been a random shot. Now Hugh Hosterman understood. He had learned, years since, that Ruth was right when she said that Flossy had schemed to humiliate her. He had learned far more than this. He had learned that Ruth was not married; that she who was now his wife had deliberately lied to him—had done it intentionally; that her plans had succeeded; that she had entrapped him; that she was untruthful, and in all ways untrustworthy.

Life was one long night of gloom to Hugh Hosterman; perhaps all the more so because his wife did no one act that would give him an excuse for freedom. She dressed beautifully, she entertained handsomely, and she was one of the social stars in the little city on the banks of the Mississippi. She was socially popular. If others had read her real nature, they did not go to her husband with an account of it. But life in the home was simply unbearable. Here she threw off all disguises, and showed herself for what she was; yet laid all blame on her husband, and cut him to the quick when she taunted him with his old love, and repeated again and again that it was Ruth's jilting that had turned him into vinegar.

Then, one day when business had called him to Chicago, and, business over, he had gone out to Washington Park, he wandered aimlessly away from the frequented walks, and threw himself down on the grass under a lone tree-to think, think, think. All that was left of life, worth living, seemed to be this power of silent thought. He thought always of Ruth. And now he saw her, coming across the open greensward, her head bent. She, too, was thinking. How natural she looked, how real! He had seen her a thousand times before, in his mind, but she must grow more real as the years went by. He thought of her smile, her little ways, her voice, the quick flash of intelligence in her rosebud face-for Ruth was always very sympathetic; and then his eyes fell on a white clover-blossom that the mowers had not reached. He picked the flower, and raised his eyes. She was there yet, coming nearer. She raised her face, and looked up.

"My God! Ruth, is it you?" he cried, and in an instant he had her hands, had his arms about her, and had covered her face with kisses.

"Oh, I knew you would come, Ruth; I knew you must. It has been death to wait. Oh, Ruthie, Ruthie, I'll never lose sight of you again!"

She struggled from his grasp, and then the awful truth flashed on him. But he held her hand, he dragged her to a seat, he could not give her up. There must be some way out. Surely,

surely, he had been punished enough. The good angels would help him now.

What they said, no one may hear. For five long years he had suffered for his mistake, and had said not one word. But now, now to his own little Ruth he must unburden his heart, which was near to bursting.

"If a fellow makes a mistake, not knowing any other love, he may be able to endure it; but for me—oh, God, why did I do it? I cannot have it so!"

And, womanlike, Ruth tried to comfort him.

"What can I do, Ruth; what can I do? Tell me! Surely our love has some right—our promises deserve a hearing. Show me how to make our lives right."

"I will think," she answered. "See, the street-lights are out. The day is over; we must go. Meet me here one month from today, and I will tell you."

Just one month later they met again. It was in the early morning. Both had felt too impatient to stay away, and they had gone to the appointed place to wait. They talked long and earnestly. Each noted the wonderful change in the other. Hope had proven as an elixir of life to them. It had taken the stamp of years from their forms and faces.

"But, Ruth, you have not told me yet. Show me what to do. You know my heart."

Ruth's eyes took on a solemn depth, and she proceeded slowly:

"You did not tell her you loved her?"

"Never!"

"She said you should marry, and you retorted that you could find no one to marry you?"

"Yes."

"Then she told you that you had not asked her yet, and that she would marry you?"

"Yes."

"And when you started to leave, she said, 'Well, may I tell mother that we are engaged?' "

"Yes."

"And you only shook your head?"

"That was all."

"But she announced your engagement, and she and her mother set the day two weeks ahead."

"That makes me look like an idiotic fool, doesn't it? But those are the facts. Still, I pray you to judge my indifference leniently. I had been told by ten different men that day that I had been jilted."

"And since your marriage she has told you a dozen times that all she wants of you is your money—that if you will support her she does not care where you go?"

"I have quoted her words."

"Well, if this were a novel, instead of real life, I should send you back to her, and you would go back, and—learn to love her."

"Never! There never was any question of love about it."

"Nevertheless, the artistic novel requires this ending. But real life— Oh, Hugh, can you not give her all you have, every dollar, and have her set you free? See, we have our four hands, and our hearts. I can help you begin again; I am earning a large salary—I can earn money with my music anywhere. We can begin in a new place, and be supremely happy in each other's love."

"She would not let me off. And, if she would, she could not. There would have to be an absolute divorce, and there are no grounds."

"Do you mean that in a case like this the law would not undo what it had been so ready to do without a question?"

"Yes; that is the law. Oh, Ruth, for all this month I have thought, thought, thought. I have gone over every possible point of law; I have tried to find some opening, and there is none."

"And you tell me that a woman may deceive and marry a man-may then tell him openly that she married him for his

money only, and that notwithstanding this he is obliged to devote his life to earning money for her to spend, and to give up all hope of happiness?"

"That is not only the law, but common consent. If I were to make a struggle for my freedom, do you realize the hue and cry that would be raised over it? Do you realize that neither you nor I could face the storm of public opinion?"

Ruth was silent, but her mouth quivered painfully, and the look of hopelessness deepened in her eyes. Again pride sustained her. She rose from the rustic bench, and concealed her face as she bent over and shook out her lace parasol. When she had control of her voice, she said, quietly, "Then it is useless to talk longer."

Hugh caught at her hand. "No, no, Ruth; don't say that. Don't desert me. Promise to wait. Something may come up that will set me free. Let us hold this hope before us; promise that you will wait."

His voice was eager and shaken, and his face ghastly white. "Yes, I promise to wait, Hugh," she answered. As she spoke, her sister came down the walk, and they were obliged to part as mere acquaintances.

It was not until he reached his hotel that Hugh remembered that he had forgotten to take Ruth's address. Then he wrote a letter to his office-boy saying that he would be detained for a few days, and early the next morning went back to the rustic seat in the park. Surely Ruth would remember, and come back; they had been obliged to part so hastily. He waited there until ten o'clock at night, but she did not come. He repeated this every day for two weeks, yet caught no glimpse of her. Then a cold rain set in, and he left the park and turned to the city directory, but neither her address nor that of her brother-in-law could be found. Their residence was in a suburb, a fact which he did not know.

Finally he took a train for Keokuk, confident that her sister's family still resided there. He learned that they had moved away three years ago, and he failed to find anyone who knew their present address. Hope failed him a little as he started for home, yet not altogether. Ruth knew his address, and she knew that he did not know hers. Surely he would find a letter waiting for him.

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But no letter waited; none ever came. Her parents had moved away, and he could not learn whither they had gone. He was certain, however, that some change must come. All this must be cleared up in a little while. So he went about his business, day after day, buoyed up by this hope.

That was twenty-five years ago. Mrs. Hugh Hosterman has been a "social leader" all these years, and still, in a measure, holds her place. She has not a friend on earth. People fear, but they do not love her. Today she is a hard-eyed woman, with heavily-powdered face and bleached hair—false, selfish, and unprincipled.

Hugh Hosterman has had no need of hair-bleaches; he is thin and grizzled, hopelessly in debt, silent, childless, and without energy or ambition. He still occupies the low-ceiled old office up the rickety flight of outside stairs, while all the other lawyers have taken handsome offices in the new bank buildings. The rent of the old office is low; it saves expense, as do his plain, almost shabby, clothes. There are times, however, when his face lights up, and on these occasions he carries the courts with him; for he is the best divorce lawyer in the State.





"You can all talk about your clever 'big-mitt' games," remarked the man with the gray chin whiskers and the freckled vest, as he sipped a glass of old port in a St. Paul cafe, one recent afternoon, "but I had a little experience that gives them all one, two, three from the jack."

His companions complimented the speaker with an expectant silence, and he continued:

"It was in Chicago during the World's Fair. While coming out of the Hagenback animal circus I discovered that I was minus my watch, a valuable timepiece not alone from its intrinsic worth, but also because it was a sort of family heirloom, having been originally purchased in Switzerland by my grandfather. The watch had been neatly nipped from the chain by some sharp instrument, presumably a pair of pliers, and all I had left to console myself with was about two-thirds of the chain.

"I was greatly annoyed by the loss, as I wouldn't have parted with the watch for three times its actual value; so I inserted an advertisement in the lost columns of the morning papers which read like this:

"'No questions asked. If the person who stole a gold watch from an elderly man in Hagenback's circus yesterday will return same, he will receive \$50 reward.'

"I gave my name and hotel address, but had small hopes of the advertisement bearing any fruit. To my surprise, the next day I received a letter which stated that if I were on the square regarding the reward, I could get the watch back. I was instructed to take a Cottage Grove car, get off at Sixty-third Street, and walk four blocks to my right. If alone, I would be met by a tall man wearing a silk hat. I was to wear a white carnation in my buttonhole; and I was furthermore warned in the letter that I would be watched, and that if I attempted to try any tricky business I would neither meet the tall gentleman nor ever hear of the watch again.

"The next morning, a little after 10 o'clock, I alighted from a Cottage Grove car at Sixty-third Street, and followed directions. The white carnation was in my buttonhole, and there were five new, crisp ten-dollar bills in my vest pocket. After walking the necessary four blocks, I noticed a short man with a white Fedora hat cross the street in front of me and lean carelessly against a telegraph pole. I thought nothing of him, as I was on the lookout for the tall fellow. As I passed the short one he said softly, but distinctly:

"'I see that you are wearing a white carnation.'

"I turned, and the look of surprise that I showed amused him, for he said:

"'You didn't think for a minute that I was going to give you a detailed description of my actual appearance, did you, my friend?'

"So here was the thief who had separated me from my valued timepiece. He was a very good-looking young fellow, with honest blue eyes, and dressed immaculately.

" 'Have you the watch?' I asked.

" 'Have you the fifty?' was his rejoiner.

"I produced the fifty, and he handed me over the watch, which I returned safely again to my vest pocket, heaving a sigh of contented relief at having it with me once more.

"The stranger turned to go, but I stopped him and said:

"'Young man, I want you to do me a favor. You have your fifty now, and can afford to tell me how you got that watch from me.'

"He laughed pleasantly, showing a shining row of even white teeth, as he said:

"'Why, cert, old man! Do you remember, when approaching

the exit of the circus, that a fellow bumped up against you like this?' and he jostled me slightly with his shoulder.

"I said that I did, come to think of it.

"'Well,' he continued, 'that was my partner, and he cut your chain. Now, if you will search your memory you will remember that you were jostled again a little later, but much harder—like this.' Here my thieving friend bumped against me quite forcibly.

"'Yes,' said I; 'I remember that, too.'

"'Well, that was when I got your watch. I thank you very much for your kindness. We are quits. You have your watch back, and acted squarely about it. Hereafter, don't let anyone, mind you I say anyone, bump against you, whether in a crowd or out of it.'

"With these words the fellow tipped his hat with the grace of a Chesterfield, and walked rapidly away, soon disappearing around a corner.

"'Well,' thought I, 'that man is certainly a genius. From this day on, when I go sight-seeing, I will leave my old watch at home.'

"Here I patted my vest pocket gleefully at the thought of having so easily recovered the heirloom, when, to my horror, I found that it was gone again! During his description of how he had taken the article, the thieving rascal had stolen it again!

"So, let's have another glass, gentlemen, and drink to the cleverest thief that ever nipped a watch, my old Chicago friend!"

#### MINNESOTA'S GREAT LOGGING INDUSTRY.

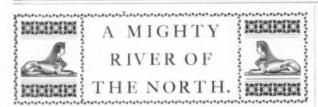
Very few people have any idea of the real extent of Minnesota's logging industry. That logging-camps exist somewhere in the northern portion of the State, and that more or less people are employed in them during the winter season, is commonly known; but that these camps are several hundred in number and furnish employment during the winter for 15,000 to 20,000 men and half as many horses, requires to be demonstrated before it is accepted as true.

The State Labor Department has for some time been engaged in collecting statistics concerning this industry, and has received detailed reports from 300 of these camps, showing an army of workers numbering about 14,500 men, and 7,600 horses. The log-cut by these camps during the season just closed is shown to have been considerably over 1,000,000,000 feet. Now, the statement, "one billion feet," while it expresses the facts, fails to convey an adequate impression of the magnitude of the work. A clearer idea is obtained when it is stated that one billion feet will supply sufficient material for a sidewalk nearly eight feet wide around the earth at the equator.

A careful study of the returns indicates that the average monthly wages for all employees engaged in the various logging operations during last season amounted to \$34 per man, with board. Many large camps averaged \$37 per man, while others showed \$32 as the average.

It may be interesting to note the financial magnitude of this industry in its bearing on labor. Assuming the number of men employed to be 16,000, which is believed fair, since the State report is not complete, and then placing their average monthly wages at \$34, the monthly wages reach the sum of \$544,000; add to this the sum of \$15 per month for board for each man, and the aggregate monthly stipend becomes \$784,000. Taking the average of twenty weeks, or five months, as the length of the season, \$3,020,000 is paid in wages to loggers in Minnesota during the otherwise idle winter months.

The country operated in embraces about 31,000 square miles, or thirty-seven per cent of the total territory of the State, and includes all or part of the following counties: Lake, St. Louis, Itasca, Beltrami, Polk, Red Lake, Hubbard, Becker, Cass, Crow Wing, Aitkin, Carlton, and Kanabec. This is the Minnesota pine-land area of today, but it has not always been such. In the past it extended considerably farther south, and in the future the present southern line of demarkation will have to be pushed farther and farther north.



The Yukon River, which the discoveries of the last few years have made so prominent, is a stream larger than the Danube, the Orinoco, or the La Plata. Receiving its distinctive name at the junction of the Pelly and Lewes, its actual headwaters are at the sources of the last-named, which are in British territory, hardly more than twenty-five miles from the coast, at Lynn Canal.

Moving thence in a direction at first northerly, then northwesterly, gathering new forces from the White, the Stewart, and the inflowing streams of the Klondike District, it touches the arctic circle, receives the waters of the Porcupine and of Birch Creek, thence bends in a mighty curve to the southwest, following in this the general bow-shape both of the lofty mountain ranges of the interior and of the coast of the Gulf of Alaska, 350 miles distant to the south, and at last, through a delta seventy-five miles long and fifty miles wide, by channels set with scores of low islands, it pours its flood into the ocean, freshening the shallow waters of the Bering Sea for fifteen miles from the river's mouth. With its tributaries it is navigable for flat-bottomed vessels for 2,500 miles, and forms the great natural highway from St. Michaels to all points in the interior of the vast Territory of Alaska, which has 531,409 square miles-an area eight times as large as all of New England, or as much as all of the thirteen original States composing the nation at the time of the Revolution.

From Fort Selkirk, at the confluence of the Pelly and Lewes, to Circle City, writes a correspondent of the Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer, the Yukon Valley is cut in an undulating plateau sloping to the northwest, and has a width of one to two miles. Its sides rise abruptly from the river, with bluffs and terraces. Near the international boundary the valley contracts to about half a mile, with precipitous walls rising 1,500 feet above the river. In this division flow in from the American side the White River, with surrounding summits of 4,800 feet, and Forty-Mile Creek, where the level of the old plateau is probably about 3,500 feet. Other flat-topped mountains extending along the divide between the Yukon and the Tanana preserve indications of the old plateau. Along Birch Creek they are 3,500 to 4,000 feet high.

Just above the mouth of Mission Creek, only twelve miles from the international boundary, is Eagle City, a comparatively new town, and the most important of the Upper Yukon in American territory today. It is finely located on a flat sufficiently high to be above the flood plain of the Yukon. It has a postoffice, a good-sized saw-mill, warehouses of all the principal trading companies, and a population last year of about 1,700. Eagle City is a good starting-point for making trips from the Yukon into the interior, and is especially well located for the distribution of supplies to the valley if pack animals are obtainable.

Seventy-mile City and Star City are small towns about a mile apart at the mouth of Seventy-mile Creek, having together a population of about 500.

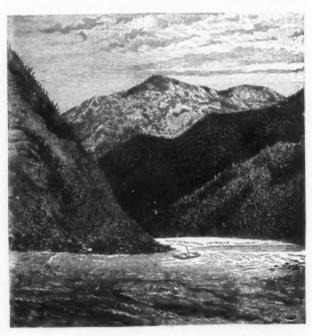
On Forty-mile Creek and its tributaries there are probably 300 miners; on Mission and American creeks, including Eagle City and adjacent creeks, 2,000; on Seventy-mile and its tributaries, 700; making a total of about 3,000 people in the area covered.

From Circle City to the Lower Ramparts, a distance of nearly 200 miles, the river flows through a broad lowland averaging 100 miles wide and extending from the Tanana watershed to the Koyukuk divide, and known as the Yukon Flats. Here the river itself spreads out and separates into many channels, but is contracted again in the next fifty miles, in which it traverses the Rampart Mountains through a valley often less than

half a mile in width, with walls rising precipitously from the single channel. At the point where the Yukon touches the highest latitude, just above the arctic circle, the Porcupine River, having a total length of about 500 miles, comes in from the northeast; and further along on the lowlands Birch Creek, the outlet from the diggings on Preacher, Miller, Deadwood and other creeks in the vicinity, enters on the left bank.

Sixty-five miles below Rampart the Tanana comes in from the southeast, bringing a flood almost equal in width to the main Yukon itself. This giant tributary is navigable by light-draft steamers for 171 miles, and extends back into the country 560 miles, the Mentasta pass-trail leading to the Copper River on the south and to Forty-mile on the northeast, being reached at a distance of 410 miles. Very little prospecting has been done on this long extent of country. Few whites have ever ascended the stream or explored its tributary rivers and creeks, and no fortunate strikes have been thus far reported from them.

There are but sparse settlements of Indians along the Tanana, the principal villages being Fortilla at the mouth of the Cantwell or Neenana, and Satsuskeholan on the north bank somewhat farther up, both hamlets of tents and rude huts, containing



LOWER RAMPART RAPIDS ON THE YUKON RIVER, ALASKA

not much more than fifty persons each. The natives are a peaceful people, friendly toward the whites, and possessed of a cheerful, even merry, disposition quite different from the taciturn and sullen temperament assigned by tradition to the Indians of the plains and mountains of the States.

At a distance of two miles above the mouth of the Tanana, and in a sightly location in plain view from both rivers, the Episcopalians erected last fall, on the right or northerly bank of the Yukon, a handsome and commodious church, with other frame buildings adjacent for the use of the church mission. The missionary work along this part of the river is in charge of Rev. Mr. Prevost, who has been laboring among the Indians in that vicinity for many years. All the natives know and respect him. and many of the younger ones have attended the school operated in connection with the mission, which, until the completion of the new buildings above mentioned, has been located at a point named St. James Mission, about nine miles down the Yukon from Weare. Mr. Prevost is furnished with a small stern-wheel steamer, the North Star, in which he makes trips to visit the scattered members of his flock at distant points. He is a vigorous, hearty man, living largely in the open air, and operating his boiler and engine and steering his little steamboat with his own hands. He has familiar knowledge of the natives' manner of living and their wants, from his long association with them, and has a wide and beneficent influence over them. The Indians generally say of themselves that they are "all Jesus Christ men," which is their way of expressing a belief in the principles of the Christian religion, and nearly all of them bear civilized names, mostly taken from the Bible, and given to them at baptism. Such names as John, Andrew, Peter, Linus, Silas, Simon, Abraham, Sarah, Abigail, and others common in English-speaking communities are usual among them. All men, women, and children alike are expert and agile canoeists, and have intimate acquaintance with the river and its ramifications, sloughs, and channels, and often are of great assistance to the whites in serving as pilots. A few dollars' worth of flour, beans, and bacon, which can be put in the small space in one of their birch-bark canoes, is ample payment for several days' attendance on a steamer bound up river traversing the unknown waters of untried streams, and the Indian guide's presence often saves, under such circumstances, long intervals of useless steaming and much hard and unnecessary labor in keeping the boat in the direct channel, out of sloughs, away from log-jams, and off bars and other obstructions.

At the confluence of the Tanana with the Yukon has been located for several years the landing and trading-post established by the Alaska Commercial Company under the name of Tanana Station. A half-mile below this stands the North American Transportation & Trading Company's store and surrounding settlement, to which they have given the name of Weare. Here the postoffice of the same name is located, and quite a village of cabins and tents has sprung up around it consequent upon the establishment close by there last year, by the Federal Government, of a military post and reservation known as Fort Gibbon. During the summer and fall of 1899 a number of large buildings for the use of the garrison were erected at this point, including quarters for officers and their families, commodious barracks and stables, and a steam saw-mill in which lumber for the erection of the frame buildings was manufactured from logs rafted in from the nearest available points. About 150 soldiers are stationed there at present. The Government buildings are located about a quarter of a mile west of Weare postoffice, and their erection gave employment during last fall to many civilians. Felling trees and rafting down the logs, cutting and gathering hay for live stock, and working as carpenters on the buildings was paid for at \$5 per day and board, and the occupation was welcomed by several returning prospectors from the upper river, who, having failed in their efforts to find paying claims, were glad of the opportunity to remain at Weare long enough to accumulate a little money with which to get back to the States. The trading company's store building was more than doubled in size last season, and the population increased in a much larger proportion. Weare is the point of departure from the river steamers for prospectors going into the Tanana country, and mail directed there is often held for months, awaiting the call of

Within the sixty-five miles between Weare and the lower Ramparts lies the Manook District, consisting of a series of goldbearing creeks, including Big and Little Manook (spelled also Minook, Munook, and Mynook, the last mentioned being the orthography adopted by the United States Geological Survey), Mike Hess, and Russian Creek. The center of distribution for this district is Rampart City, located on the left bank of the Yukon at the mouth of Big Manook Creek. The district has come into prominence mainly within the last year, and the richest claims are 6, 7, 8 and 9 above discovery on Little Manook. The gold from these claims is coarse and very fine, showing an assay value of \$19.50 to the ounce. This basin is said to have been prospected more or less thoroughly to its headwaters, and a few claims have been located across the divide, notably on Baker Creek, which flows into the Tanana.

From the mouth of the Tanana to the sea, the Yukon traverses a broad, level valley, meanders over a wide flood-plain, and divides into several channels, with constantly changing bars. All the lower stretch of river for several hundred miles from its

mouth is through a flat country devoid of interesting features varied only with occasional low mountains or hills, which are more or less isolated and form no definite ranges.

As the stream nears the ocean the forests disappear, and only banks of mud and sand, bordering a waste of flat, swampy country, meets the eye of the traveler. For nearly or quite 200 miles the course of the river is through such a region as this. The brilliant crystal-blue color, which is a striking beauty of the waters of the Upper Yukon to its junction with the White River, 1,100 miles above its mouth, has long ago disappeared, and in its place is a turbid brownish-yellow stream, so roiley that it is totally unfit for drinking or cooking purposes, and a constant source of trouble to machinery when used for steaming. The one redeeming feature of the landscape in this part of the journey is the occasional distant view of Mount McKinley, over 100 miles away to the south. which on clear days can at certain points be seen pearly white, with its mantle of eternal snow, towering 20,464 feet into the blue sky, the loftiest peak on the North American Continent. West of Mount McKinley are two peaks, each nearly 16,000 feet high, and these, and others of the Alaskan Range, show their shimmering summits, with pinnacles and rugged slopes like mammoth cathedrals and palaces in outline, and so far removed as to appear suspended in the air, a beautiful and inspiring vision of nature's magnificent loveliness.

The principal tributary in this division of the Yukon is the Koyukuk, which comes in on the northerly bank about 450 miles from the sea, and is one of the Yukon's largest affluents, being 500 yards wide where it enters, with a current of about three miles an hour. It is an exceedingly crooked stream for 200 miles above its mouth, and drains a large territory, the upper river being divided into several streams of nearly equal size, one of them, the Husliakakat, being nearly 300 feet wide and heading near the source of the Kowak River, which flows into Kotzebue Sound.' No less than sixty-three steamers, with companies of prospectors aboard, ascended the Koyukuk in 1898, but met only disappointment. Later arrivals from this region have brought reports of discoveries in the extreme northeasterly part of the river, notably at Tramway bar, far above Peavy.



MINERS FORDING ONE OF THE ICY TRI BUTARIES OF THE YUKON.



#### THE MARRIED USHER.

Married men for ushers are the last dominant note in fash-ionable weddings. At the wedding of Mr. John Magee Ellsworth and Mrs. Elizabeth Van Rensselaer, solemnized in New York at Grace Church chantry, recently, two of the ushers were married. Another novel feature that will be introduced at several handsome weddings this spring is the English custom of having the attendants follow instead of preceding the bride to the chancel. The ushers, when this custom is followed, will take no part in the wedding ceremonial, disappearing as soon as the guests are seated.

The solitaire engagement ring continues to remain unfashionable. In its place engaged girls are wearing rings with all sorts of beautiful or talismanic settings. One of the prettiest betrothal rings, however, has two large diamonds, one white and one yellow, set in a band of tiny stones.

#### THE IDEAL FATHER.

Of all relations among individuals, in all combinations which life offers in this world, there is none that is more wonderful than motherhood, and fatherhood comes next, writes Barnetta Brown in the Ladies' Home Journal. The mother may be represented as a dove, with love and gentle care brooding over the young; the father as an eagle, strong, eager to defend and help. The mother should be an embodiment of sweetness and gentleness; the father a citadel of strength.

A father, then, to avoid his failures, must be of fine, large quality, strong, sane, and loving; a self-forgetful, pleasant guide, a chum for his boys, a lover for his girls, a comprehending husband, a comfortable man. With a father like this, and a mother such as we have sometimes seen and often dreamed of, the pathway of childhood becomes not one of thorns, but one besprinkled with flowers, and life is changed from a dreary round of mistakes and failures into a comfortable, successful, and beautiful journey, brightened by cheerfulness, gladdened by comradeship, sweetened by love, and enjoyed alike by mother, father, and children.

#### LEARNING TO BE A WIT.

A Chicago woman, who has a great reputation as a wit, is a wit mainly because she has made a study of the thing. She says that when she first began to go into society she found herself shy, and small talk was almost an impossibility for her. So she set about remedying her defects, and this is how she did it:

She bought a large blank book and a tiny note-book, and every evening she entered in the large book her notes of the day. All the really good stories she heard, all the clever bits of repartee, all the funny happenings she saw, went into the book. She made notes of clever speeches to open a conversation, and witty ways of closing it. She classified her material when she had enough of it, and adds to it all the while. When she is to dine out she looks over her book and refreshes her memory in regard to a few appropriate stories. She selects anecdotes that will be suitable for the company. She has studied under a dramatic teacher the art of telling stories, and she tells them admirably.

She has a great reputation as a teller of funny stories, and she says she owes her social success wholly to her system. Her success has been so great, and she is altogether so entertaining to know, that her plan is one that might probably be followed by a great many of her sisters, and possibly the conversation of her brothers would improve by a little of this same attention to detail.

#### HOW TO CLEAN EYE-GLASSES.

One would think that anybody could clean a pair of spectacles, but an optician says it is comparatively seldom that the operation is performed quite as effectively as it ought to be. He claims that the people in the factories where the glasses are made know how best to keep them in condition, and the way in which they do it is to use a damp cloth to clean off the dirt, and then wipe the glasses dry.

If they are very dirty, wet the tips of the fingers and rub them on a cake of soap, then rub the soap over the surface of the glasses, rinse in clean water, and dry them. This thorough cleaning of the lenses saves a great deal of eye strain. Another point of equal importance is to have the frame properly fitted; not only when the glasses are bought, but also when the frames have become bent from handling. Every pair of glasses should fit as comfortably as a glove or a shoe. They should never cut the nose. When they do, it is because the frames are not properly fitted. The trouble can usually be remedied by bending the frame into the right shape. Sometimes it may be necessary to change the frame, but as a rule the frame can be bent to fit.

#### THE USES OF COMMON SODA.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing-soda in a gallon of boiling water make a splendid disinfectant to pour hot into the sink when you have finished the daily dinner washing up.

As a general rule, use just a little soda in the water in which you clean glass and paint.

Strong, lukewarm soda-water makes glassware most brilliant, but it should afterwards be rinsed in clear cold water, and be dried with a clean linen glass-cloth.

To clean lamp burners, take a quart of water, in which put a piece of soda about the size of a walnut; place on the stove, and boil the burner therein for about five minutes; remove the burner from the water, and wipe dry with an old cloth, when it will be as clean and nice as when new; or, should the brightness of the brass be dimmed, by simply rubbing with ammonia and whiting this will be at once restored.

Cut flowers will keep their freshness for a long time if a small bit of soda is put in the water in which they stand.

Drain-pipes should be flooded once a week with boiling water in which has been dissolved a little soda.

A tiny bit of cooking soda put in the pot when boiling greens will preserve their fresh color.

Grease is often accidentally spilled on the kitchen table and floor; to remove, place a little soda on the spots, over which pour boiling water.

Calico, etc., that has been stained with vaseline and suchlike grease, should be soaked in cold water for at least twentyfour hours, and then be washed in soda and water—and, if necessary, afterwards be boiled, when the marks should have quite disappeared.

Dry soda, rubbed on a burn or scald, if the injury is only on the surface, will relieve the pain.

#### DON'T BE SLANGY.

Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, says that it is unfortunate that slang phrases are so easily slipping into our every-day conversation, and taking apparently so fixed a place in our talk. And the worst of it is that so many people are using slang entirely unconscious of the fact that they are doing so. If the common usage of slang were confined to a particular order of girls, it would perhaps serve as an indicator of character and pass unnoticed. It would, at least, not touch the sensibilities of gentle folk.

But it is not so confined. Slang is invading the very nicest of circles; it is beginning to influence the talk of our most carefully-reared girls. And this is why the habit should receive closer attention. Girls are forgetting that slang phrases and refinement are absolutely foreign to each other. A slang phrase may be more expressive than a term of polite usage, but it is never impressive, except to impress unfavorably.

It is high time that our girls should realize that they should speak the English language in their conversation, and not the dialect of the race-track, nor the lingo of the base-ball field. A girl may cause a smile by the apt use of some slang phrase; but inwardly, those who applaud her place her at the same time in their estimation. No girl ever won an ounce of respect by being slangy. On the contrary, many a girl, unconscious of the cause, has found herself gradually slipping out of people's respect by the fact that her talk was dotted with slang phrases. "Oh, she is clever," said a woman not long ago of a girl who could keep a company constantly amused by her apt use of slang. "She amuses me greatly; but I should not care to invite her to my home, nor have my girls know her." It is a poor popularity for a girl, which has as its only basis the cap and bell of the jester. The life of the jester is never long.

#### HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Faded and worn window-shades may be turned upside down and inside out to serve for another year; and so we might go on through the whole household, taking this little and that little extra care of all its contents, and make them serve almost twice their usual time.

To clean and restore the elasticity of care chair-bottoms, turn up the chair, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane-work well, so that it may be well soaked; should it be dirty, you must add soap; let it dry in the air, and you will find it as tight and firm as when new, provided the cane is not broken.

To clean marble, mix up a quantity of the strongest soaplees with quicklime, to the consistency of milk, and lay it on the stone for twenty-four hours; clean it afterward with soap and water, and it will appear as new. This may be improved by rubbing or polishing it afterward with fine putty-powder and olive oil.

To take out bruises in furniture, wet the place well with warm water, then take some brown paper, five or six times doubled and well soaked in water, lay it on the place, apply on that a hot flatiron till the moisture is evaporated, and if the bruise is not gone, repeat the same; you will find after two or three applications that the dent or bruise is raised level with the surface; or, if the bruise is small, soak it well with warm water, and apply a red-hot poker near the surface, keeping it continually wetted, and you will soon find the indentation vanished.

The most unresponsive metal for a housekeeper to attack is steel. Rub and polish as one will, unless a certain secret be known, there is still the dull look, and the hardware dealer will only advise the expensive experiment of sending the steely article to be ground at the factory. The old-fashioned knifebrick, however, will work wonders here by simply buying it powdered, mixing with sweet oil, and rubbing on freely. Allow this to dry on, then polish briskly, and finish off with emerypowder.

#### TO PREVENT GRAY HAIR.

Prevention of gray hair is better than cure, and perhaps neglect in the important matter of brushing and shampooing is responsible for the prevalence of this unwelcome sign of age. remarked a lady the other day who has given a good deal of thought to the subject. It is of no use to say that gray hair is no sign of age in these days; there is no comfort in the saying, because from time immemorial advancing age has been marked by whitened and scanty locks, and they give an appearance of accumulated years which women accept with a bad grace. There is a deal of twaddle written about the softening effect of gray hair—other shades are just as harmonious to the features as gray. Only an intense black or a hard-toned brown, all out of harmony to the color of the eyes and skin, give a fierce, unlovely look to the face.

I can bring to mind the figure of a dear little woman who lived to be nearly ninety without finding one gray hair in her locks. She wore pretty little caps of lace and ribbon to hide the thin spots in her brown hair, and was as particular about the style and shape as any girlish patron of a millinery establishment. She was a woman who defied old age to her last

minute on earth—not from vanity, because she frankly admitted her years, but from a temperament which received keen enjoyment from the mere fact of living. She enjoyed everything, from the last new novel to the freshest play. I lost all faith in the old maxim, "Early to bed," etc., after I moved into her neighborhood, for she preferred night to day, and was an inveterate card-player, of innocent games, I assure you.

She and a blind sister and a middle-aged housekeeper made up a happy family for many years. Yes, the sister was happy despite her blindness, for she also possessed the temperament which enjoyed the good things of life. She was spared the affliction of gray hair, too, but not in quite the same manner as her sister. The illness which deprived her of sight made her absolutely bald, and the wigs she bought from time to time were always a pretty red brown in color. They looked natural enough, and were extremely becoming to a complexion which never lost its bloom or smoothness.

I merely speak of these two women to show the nonsense of submitting to gray hair because it softens the features and is eminently proper. Of course, you might say that nature knows best, but that I deny. Nature is sometimes at fault, or we would not have so many monstrosities; and I know that the women who submit willingly to gray hair are not so numerous as these monstrosities. The time of its arrival could be put off many years if the fashions in hair-dressing had not driven the habit of daily brushing into a corner, there to remain like a naughty child. Waved hair costs time and money, and the brush is destructive to it; therefore, women must not brush their hair, and one of the greatest stimulants to hair activity and health is taken away.

One thing is certain. There will be no change for the better until hair-brushes are put to use. The hair must be taken down and well brushed at night. If women could all afford the English brushes made of small whalebones instead of bristles, feminine locks would be in better condition. Those brushes cost \$4 or more, and are not much to look at; but they outlast three or four ordinary brushes, and make the scalp feel as if it had been treated to electricity. They were recommended to me by an English scalp specialist, whose wife and daughters were splendid examples of the value of the goods. Their heads were perfectly free from dandruff, which is destructive to the beauty of the hair.

#### A NOTED ST. PAUL SINGER.



MRS. JANE HUNTINGTON YALE.

Jane Huntington Yale, whose likeness appears on this page, is a St. Paul woman who possesses a contralto voice that has charmed thousands. Wherever Mrs. Yale has been heard, she has been recognized by the critics as one of the greatest of American contraltos, combining all the qualities that go to make a perfect singer—voice, style, diction, versatility, and personal magnetism.



"It is rather dangerous, but I will take the risk," said Miss Grace Elliot to herself one morning. She had just posted a rather bulky letter, and a few hours later Mr. Joe Gilmore was reading the following note:

"Dear Mr. Gilmore: Please read the enclosed manuscript, and report if you find it available for *The American*. It is almost my first attempt at story-writing, and I am rather nervous about it. Will you not call soon and tell me what you think of 'A Summer Day-Dream?"

Grace Elliot."

Mr. Gilmore's handsome face wore a bored expression as he read the note. He was the editor of that popular monthly, The American, and this was not the first note he had received from Miss Elliot, who was an occasional contributor to his magazine. He did not value her contributions very highly, and if he had had his way they would never have found a place in the periodical of which he was editor. But Miss Elliot happened to be a cousin of one of the publishers of the magazine, and as her writings had hitherto consisted of short poems, not noticeably bad, as poetry goes, they had as a rule been accepted. It appeared from her note, however, that she had this time attempted something more ambitious than a few verses of alleged poetry.

Throwing the note aside, Mr. Gilmore picked up the manuscript which had accompanied it. His expression changed as he read. A look of surprise, of interest, and finally of absorbed attention came over his face. He read until he came to the last word of the manuscript. Then he exclaimed:

"By George! it is a treat to read such a story. It is the purest, strongest, most original one I have read since I have been in the business. I never dreamed she could write like that. Her verses have been only passably good, in a weak, prettyish way, but there is true genius in this story, according to my judgment. I will call this evening and tell her what I think of it. I must have been wrong in my opinion of her. A woman who can write a story like this must be something more than the pretty society doll I have always considered Miss Elliot."

Mr. Gilmore found his fair contributor at home, and glad to see him. To tell the truth, Miss Grace Elliot was always very glad to see the handsome and talented young editor. Perhaps it was the knowledge of this which made that unappreciative gentleman's calls so infrequent. Joe Gilmore was not a vain man, but he must have been a blind one not to have seen that for the past two years Miss Elliot had been very partial to his society.

He soon mentioned the subject of his call, and spoke in strong terms of the pleasure he had enjoyed in reading her story, praising that production in a manner calculated to turn the head of even the most modest of authors

"I never imagined, Miss Grace, that you had such genius for prose writing. While your poems are dainty and pretty, you must pardon me for saying that they do not betray the strength so plainly manifested in 'A Summer Day-Dream.'"

For a moment an angry light seemed to

sparkle in Miss Elliot's blue eyes; then, smiling sweetly, she said:

"Thank you for speaking so kindly of my story, Mr. Gilmore, but I think I will not like 'A Summer Day-Dream' if it casts a shade over my little verses."

"If I were you, and could write such a prose poem as your story is, I would never write another verse."

Miss Elliot seemed more annoyed than flattered by this praise, so he changed the subject.

"By the way, this is the first time I have seen you since your return from Texas. You enjoyed the visit, I trust?"

"Very much, especially our visit to San Antonio. Such a quaint old place. I am going to write a description of the town for *The American*, if you care to have it. I have several photographs which will do for illustrations."

He assured her that he would be glad to receive the proposed article as soon as she could prepare it; and then the conversation continued on the subject of her visit to Texas.

"The people there are much more civilized than we have given them credit for being," she observed. "Actually, my cousin Hazel, although she seldom sees any one except cowboys and Mexicans, seemed as refined and cultured as many girls I know here in New York."

A few days later, Mr. Gilmore received the promised article descriptive of the historical old town of San Antonio, Texas. It was a spirited, well-written article, and contained, woven in the woof of fact and history, many quaint bits of humor about the people the writer had met, and the odd characters she had observed. Accompanying the manuscript were several beautiful photographs of different places of interest in and near the city—the old Alamo building, the Missions, the Plazas, San Pedro Springs, etc. He was greatly pleased with the article, and knew that with its accompanying illustrations it would add much to the interest of the next number of his magazine. He again called, and thanked Miss Elliot for her contribution.



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As time passed, Miss Elliot, under the pen name of "Janet Drewery," was becoming known as a writer of unusual promise. Mr. Gilmore became much interested, and called frequently. He found the young lady an absorbing study. She was apparently indifferent to all the praise she heard of her writings, and appeared to even dislike to have him speak of them. He admired her modesty, yet at the same time was puzzled to reconcile it to his idea of her real personality. Indeed, she puzzled him greatly. She seemed to possess two natures, quite distinct and different from each other. One she displayed only in her prose writings—a strong, noble, true nature; but in her poetry and conversation she appeared quite different, and betrayed none of the originality of thought which one would expect from the author of her prose productions.

It was evident that the editor had fallen in love with "Janet Drewery," nevertheless, when he visited her, he came away feeling as a hungry man might who had been fed upon soap-bubbles and sawdust.

One day, as he was glancing over a paper published in Galveston and edited by a friend of his, his attention was attracted to an article therein. He read it with an eager, puzzled interest; then, taking a manuscript from his desk which he had only the day before received from Miss Elliot, he compared it with the article published in the Texas paper. The two were almost word for word the same. The titles only were somewhat different. The manuscript was-entitled "A Southern Holiday," while the published article was called "A Texas Barbecue," and was signed by "H. M. Tracy."

Gilmore immediately wrote to his friend, asking him if he would oblige him with the address of H. M. Tracy. In a few days his friend replied that H. M. Tracy was Miss Hazel M. Tracy; that she lived with her father on a ranch near San Antonio; and that a letter directed to that city would probably be delivered to her.

Upon this the editor of *The American* wrote to Miss Tracy, stating the fact that he had in his possession an exactly similar production to her published "Texas Barbecue," and asking her if she could explain the mystery to him. While waiting for a reply to his letter, he contrived to escape seeing Miss Elliot. A suspicion which he could not banish haunted him, and he did not care to see her until he had heard from his Texas correspondent.

A week passed, when, one morning, in glancing over his mail, he found a letter bearing the Texas postmark. Hastily opening it, he read the following:

"DEAR SIR: I was surprised on receiving yours of the 15th. I think I can give you the explanation you desire. Last summer my cousin, Miss Elliot, of your city, visited us. During her stay she discovered several little stories and sketches which I had at various idle times written. She read them, and kindly offered to take them home with her, saying she had a friend who was an editor, and that she was sure he would accept them for publication. Naturally, I was pleased at the idea of having my writings appear in print, though heretofore I had not ventured to hope for that honor. However, I was doomed to disappointment, as my cousin wrote me soon after reaching home that she had been so unfortunate as to lose my manuscripts. She seemed so very much annoyed and vexed at what she termed her carelessness, that I was sorry I had troubled her with the care of the package. It appears from your letter that some one found the lost treasure. I happened to have copies of a few of the shorter articles, however, among them being 'A Texas Barbecue,' which you noticed in the News. Hoping that this explanation will be sufficient to explain the mystery, I remain,

"Very Respectfully,

"HAZEL M. TRACY."

A heavy frown darkened Joe Gilmore's face as he read the letter. Going to his desk he wrote a short note, and then, enclosing it with Miss Tracy's letter, put both into an envelope which he directed to Miss Grace Elliot. That young lady's face

turned deathly pale as she read the editor's note that evening. It ran thus:

"Miss Elliot: I enclose a letter from your cousin, Miss Hazel Tracy. You will understand from its contents that *The American* cannot accept further contributions from 'Janet Drewery.'

J. H. GILMORE."

Hazel Tracy became a well-known contributor to *The American*, and the following summer Mr. Gilmore visited Texas and met her in person. He found her to be in every respect his ideal woman, and a few months later she became his wife.

#### AN OREGON DEAD SEA.

A wagon has been discovered in Abelt Lake, a large body of water situated about forty miles north from Lakeview, Oregon. The wagon is in the lake near the eastern shore, in about twenty feet of water, and just under the rimrocks. It is supposed to have been there twenty years or more, but how it got there nobody krows. It is difficult to reach that locality, as the trail to the desert lies on the opposite side of the lake.

The lake is a remarkable one. It is another Dead Sea. It is about twenty miles long, from one to ten miles wide, and from one to seventy-five feet deep. It is fed by a number of springs, small streams, creeks, and the Chewaucan River, but it has no outlet. Its rise and fall is scarcely perceptible, and its waters are so heavily impregnated with alkali that no animal can drink it or live in it. At the mouth of small streams that flow into it, hundreds of fish are found that have drifted into its waters and died. At the mouth of Chewaucan River tons of fish can be found, and the shores are composed of fish-bones.

Ducks and geese only approach its waters at the mouth of fresh-water streams, and no living animal is ever found on or in the body of the lake proper.

#### AN UNPRECEDENTED RAILWAY OBSTACLE.

The railroad construction forces have encountered an unprecedented obstacle on the Northern Pacific extension from Stuart to the mouth of Cottonwood Creek, in Idaho. Directly in the line of location, from which there can be no deviation owing to the canyon walls, are thirteen graves in a row—graves of Indian children whose fathers and mothers live in the Kamiah Valley.

Just the width of thirteen graves is the extent of back in the grade. The progress of the railroad is not stayed by force of arms, but by the awe inspired by the universal sentiment of grief for the dead.

The engineers prepared to remove the dead from their resting-places. The boxes were brought and unloaded at the graves. Then came a pathetic scene that stopped every spade. From the hearts of mothers burst forth nature's language of grief. It was an appeal that no man, from official to shoveler, could resist. The boxes that were brought to hold the dead lie there deserted as though a curse had fallen on the spot. Cyrus Beede, the Government commissioner, who has settled so many disputes with the Indians, is appealed to. He has a new sentiment to combat. No price will influence these disconsolate mothers; no court will condemn a right of way through a city of the dead. The Indians and the whites, however, have faith in Beede, but he says that this is the most delicate commission ever imposed on him in his thirty years in the Indian service.

#### WHILE LOVE LIVES ON.

Let no soul say: "This is a bitter life!"
Or, old and gray, "I weary of the striie!"
Turning aside with sad or scornful ups
To words allied that tell of hope's eclipse,
Long as there dwells in any earthly spot
One heart that swells with faith surrounded not.
For is no soul's storm-weathering anchor gone
While love lives on!

Nor in God's plan may overthrow befall
To any man who, losing elsewhere all,
Yet claims alone one constant heartbeat still
That to his own gives a responsive thrill.
In this is might that fears no ill to meet,
Makes day of night, or victory of defeat,
Fronting elate the darkness as the dawn—
For love lives on!

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.



# WHERE THE WATERS MEET AT EAU CLAIRE.



BY AUSTIN L. HALSTEAD.

The surprising development of the Northwestern States of the Union is as marked today as it has been at any time during the past quarter-century. The increase of population, the growth of industries, the progress made in agricultural pursuits and in all the various departments of commercialism, constitute as great causes of wonderment now as in the earlier periods of statehood. Towns and cities have sprung into substantial existence everywhere, wild lands have been settled upon by industrious farmers, the forests have been made to yield their wealth to civilization, and out of the rock-ribbed earth have been mined vast stores of precious and utilitarian metals. Frontiers have disappeared. The surprises of today become the commonplaces of the morrow; for so rapid is the march of events that one great achievement is scarcely heralded before another and a greater comes to succeed it.

Look at the State of Wisconsin. But a short time ago all its northern and northwestern districts were practically uninhabited. Immense forests were there, but no saw-mills. Wild beasts were there, and the prowling Indians, but farms and settlements were few and far between. Today the State has a population of nearly two and a half millions, and is noted for its many thriving towns and cities, its large agricultural resources, and its numerous, and in many instances gigantic, manufacturing industries. It has one city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, six cities that each have a population of 20,000 and upwards, and a long list of pretty towns which range in population from 5,000 to 10,000. One of the most progressive of these young cities is Eau Claire, the county seat of Eau Claire County. It has a population of about 25,000 and is the chief commercial and manufacturing cen-

ter of Northwestern Wisconsin. The name is of French derivation, and signifies "clear water"—a name given the locality by French voyageurs 125 years ago. Occupying a beautiful site on both sides of the Chippewa and Eau Claire rivers, which unite at this point, Eau Claire has earned the reputation of being one of the handsomest and most prosperous cities in the Northwest—a reputation, by the way, which is being added to every year.

Doubtless it would be very interesting to many readers to know more of the early days of this bustling Wisconsin town, but as it is of the present that we wish to speak, not much will be written of what has already passed into history. Eau Claire is not an old community; it has attained its present state of development in about forty years; it is strictly modern-with modern ways and ideas, and modern methods in all lines of municipal government. It has its storied past, as a matter of course, but not all its past can compare in richness and grandeur with the splendid achievements of these latter days. In 1856 the county contained one hundred souls and two horses; today it must have a population of at least 60,000, while its agricultural resources have a value running well up into the millions. In 1870 the first railway found its way to the Chippewa Valley. It was then known as the West Wisconsin line, but it is now a part of the North-Western system. Today three great railway systems carry freight and passengers to and from this mart—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Wisconsin Central, and the North-Western line. Growth is apparent wherever one looks, whether it be in town or in country.

Like many other places in the northern part of the State, Eau Claire owes its first prosperity to lumber-mills and lumber-camps. The timber was there in great abundance; and so was the waterpower. In a little while saw-mills began to be established-some large, some small, but all busily employed making lumber and clearing away the timber-burdened land. Soon these mills increased in capacity as well as in numbers, until now Eau Claire is one of the largest lumber-manufacturing centers in the country. We are unable to state the total cut of the mills for 1899, but in 1800 it amounted to 350,000,000 feet from eleven mills, and there is every reason for believing that it is of considerable larger magnitude now. A few of these mills cut at least 65,000,-000 feet each per annum, and very few of them have an output of less than 25,000,000 feet. It is hardly probable that any other lumber market has so great a storage capacity for togs. The Dells reservoir, formed by damming the Chippewa River, is capable of holding 300,000,000 feet of logs; Half Moon Lake, near the center of the city, has a capacity of 100,000,000 feet; and another reservoir, also within the city limits, can hold 50,000,000 feet-a grand total of 450,000,000 feet of logs that can always be held in reserve to supply the mills. This big industry furnishes employment to thousands of men, puts into local circulation a vast amount of ready money, and has been the magnet that has



CHIPPEWA VALLEY BANK BUILDING, BAU CLAIRE, WIR.

drawn to the city a goodly number of auxiliary industries-such as furniture factories, sash-and-door plants, refrigerator concerns, etc. Log- and lumber-rafting via the Chippewa and Eau Claire rivers is one of the interesting sights. It is thus that all the river towns are supplied with building material, from timber stuff to sawed lumber, lath, shingles, and whatever is wanted. Whether it be winter or summer, the rivers at Eau Claire are always scenes of activity. In the winter season men are busily engaged harvesting ice; while in the open season the rafted logs are received, the mills are at work sawing, and other hundreds of men are seen piling up the lumber in great yards along the margin of the streams, where it awaits shipment to numerous local markets, and final distribution throughout the country everywhere.

"How long will your timber supply last?" was the question put to a well-known mill-owner of the vicinity.

"It is difficult to tell," he responded. "Ten years ago the same question was asked, and in answer to it a period of twenty-five years was named. Since then we have been cutting timber every winter and sawing it up every summer, and I cannot see why the supply should not still last a good quarter of a century. Of course, I may be mistaken, but I think it will be a long time before these mills will have to shut down for lack of raw material to operate on."

But saw-mills do not represent all of Eau Claire's industries. There are nearly or quite one hundred separate manufacturing plants, all giving employment to labor, and all wealth-producers. To quote from an article which appeared recently in a business number of the Eau Claire Leader:

"When an Eau Clairite is called upon to enumerate those things which have given his city a standing among the great commonwealths of the land, his thoughts first turn to its manufacturing. Perhaps he is fortified with figures, showing how much money the city puts annually into Uncle Sam's coffers as revenue from the manufacture of beer, or how many bushels of grain is consumed in its production. On the other hand, this Eau Clairite may not have facts and figures at his disposal, but he is nevertheless just as firmly convinced of the city's importance, in this respect, from having seen the smoke rolling from the great chimneys day after day and year after year, and from listening to the noisy machinery until it has become music to his ears. The manufacturing industries of this city were not built during a boom, and left to ruin and the scrap-pile after the excitement had passed away, but they have accumulated through many years, as opportunity permitted and necessity required, until the whole river front presents a busy scene of activity.

"Factories have not risen here as experiments, but represent capital invested by solid business men who appreciate the ad-



SECTIONAL VIEW OF BARSTOW STREET, EAU CLAIRE'S MAIN BUSINESS THOROUGHFARE.



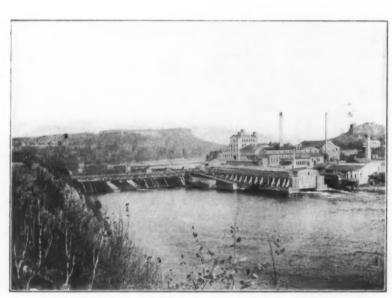
BARSTOW STREET DURING A SUMMER DAY PARADE.



GRAND AVENUE BRIDGE, EAU CLAIRE.

vantages here offered, and who have erected substantial buildings with a view to using them for many years to come. As a manufacturing center Eau Claire stands pre-eminently in the front rank with cities of her size. It is not alone in mere enumeration of inhabitants, however, that the city has advanced. The prosperity of the city, made possible by its advantages of location, has been prompted by the enterprise of its citizens, who have long acted upon the principle that the surest foundation. that by urban developments, is to be found in the prosecution of the diversified manufactories.

"For Eau Claire is essentially a manufacturing town, having at her doors a country rich in many kinds of raw materials which come from mines, forests, and farms; and together with her unsurpassed transportation facilities, these are destined to make her become to this section of the country what Pittsburg is to the East. Within its limits are established representative and prosperous establishments prosecuting nearly every branch of useful industry. Workers in iron, in wood and in leather; manufacturers of food products; fashioners of wearing-apparel of all kinds for both sexes; busy establishments of every conceivable kind, producing articles of luxury and utility, are busied, while advancing their own fortunes and ministering to the welfare of others, in adding to the sum total of the city's production.



DELLS PAPER AND PULP COMPANY, EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

All this remarkable progress has been made in a short period of time, yet the varied industries seem to be firmly established. Among the big plants seen are paper and pulp mills, the linenmills, huge furniture factories, the woolen-mills, great foundries and machine-shops, pearl-button works, carriage and wagon factories, trunk factories, packing-house plants, refrigerator manufactories, large breweries, etc., etc. Nor has the limit been reached. Industrial Eau Claire will keep right on growing. The advantages which influenced the establishment of factories in the past, will serve to bring other capital and enterprise to the city in the future. Stagnation never broods over a locality that has so many things in its favor-especially when natural advantages are so well supplemented by an energetic and progressive people. For capital and enterprise meet with a cordial welcome in Eau Claire; the citizens are constantly on the lookout for new industrial development, and they are not a bit slow in extending reasonable encouragement to worthy projects.

While Eau Claire is better known as a manufacturing point than as a distributing point for merchandise, it nevertheless remains true that considerable wholesaling is done there. A large boot and shoe factory makes and jobs a full line of all kinds of

footwear, and dry-goods, groceries, hardware and other branches of the wholesale trade are likewise represented by substantial houses. Add to these the products wholesaled by the big porkpacking plant, the large linen-mills, the flour-mills, the pulp and paper mill, the saw-works, the brick-yards, the car-shops, the machine-works and numerous other manufacturing concerns the products of which are sold broadcast throughout the country. and it will be seen that the city is also the center of immense jobbing interests. We dwell upon these large business enterprises, for the reason that Eau Claire is distinctly commercial and industrial in character. It has been built up by the application of capital to natural local advantages, and it will continue to thrive on the same grounds. It is a well-established fact that large industrial enterprises seek a common center. Let a few really strong and successful manufactories be established in a town, and others, and yet others will follow as surely as one store follows another. Such industries have the faculty of grouping themselves. This is exactly what has happened to Eau Claire. One great plant after another located there, until finally it became a powerful manufacturing center-a depot of supplies for a broad and opulent territory. Such development cannot be stopped. It possesses elements of growth within itself. It will continue to add thousands of new wealth and population to this

northwestern city, until its future prosperity shall dim even the luster of its present achievements. In coming years, as now, it is almost certain to maintain its position as the second largest manufacturing and shipping point in the Badger State.

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And now that this brief business view of the city has been taken, let us turn the reader's attention to Eau Claire as a desirable place of residence. We have shown that its location is admirable, but little has been said of those public improvements and social, religious and educational advantages which render populous communities really habitable. It is not always that a large manufacturing center is blessed with beauty, culture, and refinement of environment as well. In all these respects Eau Claire is peculiarly fortunate. Its local government has kept pace with local development, until today it is what we have already named it-one of the prettiest cities in the great Northwest. A landscape artist would pronounce it almost perfect. The eye is attracted by a vista of water and woodland rarely equaled by interior towns. The two rivers, the creeks, the lake, the thickly-

shaded streets and avenues, the charming groves and parks, the beautiful driveways, and the general picturesqueness of the city site and its surroundings, constitute a picture of loveliness upon which appreciative eyes dwell without weariness. After visiting the residence portion, one no longer wonders why so many people speak of the place as a city of homes as well as of trade and commerce. On the East side and on the West and North sides are a large number of beautiful residences that would do credit to the best avenues in metropolitan cities. They are of costly design and construction, and the grounds thereof are spacious and well-kept. Indeed, the city is full of handsome homes. They are found in every ward. Velvety lawns, restful shade-trees, and ornamental shrubbery greet the eye on all sides, giving the place the air of an old city rather than of one that has sprung into existence within a single generation.

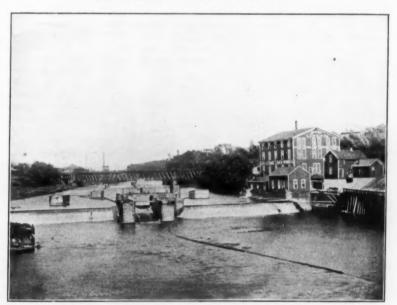
Go down-town among the retail establishments, and the impressions heretofore recorded will grow stronger and stronger. Barstow, the principal business thoroughfare, is lined with fine buildings and plate-glass fronts. Big stores represent all the lines of trade, from the glittering rooms of jewelers to the no less dazzling fronts of huge dry-goods emporiums, clothing estab-

lishments, etc. Eau Claire merchants are live men. They display their goods to fine advantage, carry large and well-selected stocks, and do business in an up-to-date way. The whole down-town district wears a prosperous appearance. There are a goodly number of paved streets, three handsome parks, about ten miles of electric street-railway, and excellent sewerage. The city is lighted with electricity, has a first-class fire department, good waterworks, with about thirty miles of pipe and 400 hydrants; and an electric fire-alarm system. Walk about a bit and you will discover that the rivers are spanned by ten or more bridges; that there is a fine operahouse that cost \$70,000 and which seats I .-500 persons; that there are several firstclass hotels and a lot of very fair ones; and that the city has modern hospitals, a free public library, a music hall, and an exposition building and race-track. Back of these necessaries are twenty-four churches. some of them very large and of costly design; sixteen graded public-school buildings, not including the splendid highschool structure, which was erected at a cost of \$50,000; and a number of good private schools, seminaries, and convents The present school census of the city is not available, but in 1806 it was 6,152, thus indicating a total population somewhat in excess of the figures given elsewhere in this article

It is hardly necessary to say that a city of this size and importance has ample financial resources. The banking-houses have an abundance of capital, large deposits, and are noted for their sound management and unbreakable solidity. Not one of them went to the wall during the panic period. They are conservative, per necessity, but they are always ready to extend reasonable encouragement to legitimate enterprise of any nature. These bankers, together with an active Board of Trade, a live lot of men who foster real estate interests, and an ably-conducted and influential press, constitute a coterie which keeps Eau Claire on the top wave of prosperity. Of the newspapers, and the work they have done for the city, too much cannot be said. The Leader, the Free Press, and all the other local publications never weary in their efforts to attract new capital and new enterprises to this lively mart. They are well edited, have good plants and large circulations, and keep so in touch with public needs and public opinion that they are powerful influences for good. Visit Eau Claire in the summer-time, when the foliage is dense and the parks invite one to a repose not found in easy-chairs, and you will not blame the papers for singing so loudly and so continuously in her praise. Go to Minnow Creek, where it empties into the Chippewa at Little Niagara, and where band concerts are listened to by thousands in the warm summer evenings; or to Island Park, nearly surrounded by Half Moon Lake; or to the natural groves on the



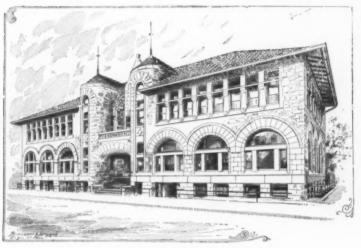
BARSTOW STREET FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.



GREAT MILLS OF THE EAU CLAIRE LINEN COMPANY



THE EAU CLAIRE HOUSE, R. E. PARKINSON, PROPRIETOR



LIBRARY BUILDING, EAU CLAIRE.

banks of the rivers, where glens and other cozy nooks abound in numberless variety, and you, too, will admit that this Wisconsin city has a combination of commercial, scenic and æsthetic attractions which but few places in the country can hope to rival, and which a patriotic press is perfectly justified in extolling.

#### AN OLD WISCONSIN INDIAN FORT.

Naturally there is some incentive to an eight-mile walk through fields and woods on a hot June day, a correspondent remarks. Friendship, avarice, emulation or curiosity might prove sufficient. The latter prompted me on June 21 of last year to cross the Wisconsin River from Robinson's Landing and go hap-hazard through oak openings and deep sandstone ravines to Prospect Point, the eastern limit of the township of Lyndon, Juneau County, where was an ancient earthwork of the mound-builders or Indians, commonly termed "The Old Fort." Even to a person of sedentary inclinations, the anabasis from the tilted shelf of graven Potsdam sandstone that served for a landing, to the top of Prospect Point, occupied two pleasant hours just after sunrise.

The Wisconsin Dells in June is like an enchanted region to the man possessed of leisure. The ear becomes attuned to new noises, and all the senses gain new experiences. Novelty and peace come to one who rests a day on the veranda of "The Pines" cottage, until nothing is left to be desired. The river, reflecting its bold banks, runs by; the birds sing, the mammals of wood and field appear at intervals, and now and again a quail whistles over the water, or a crow perches on the desolate pine on the other shore. It is pollen-time among the pine-trees all around, and the old-gold tassels fall incessantly with their concealed hoard of pollen, the quintescence of fragrant health. The plashing of the river eddies and the pine-tree music are a fair

exchange for rumbling trolley-cars and permanent trace of discord that mingles with occasional sulphuretted hydrogen in urban atmosphere, and there is poetry of motion in a rocking-chair, and a flickering presence of white oak foliage.

Just across the river a little ravine ran down to the water's edge. The white, foaming water that poured down it after the furious thundershower of the previous Saturday night, driving a raccoon inhabitant to the shelter of the upper bluff, had exhausted itself, and we found a safe and easy landing. Just then the newly-risen sun, which had been obscured by white clouds, came out to stay. The ravine sloped easily from the broad field along the west bank of the river, studded thickly with white and black oaks, the result of a natural succession of growth. It was originally a pine belt, and after the timber had succumbed to the woodman's ax and frequent forest fires induced by the proximity of the railroad, oaks succeeded. It is to be noted that a field

of young oaks, thickly worked in, looks easier to the wayfarer at a distance than at close quarters. Yet there are more difficult places to explore than this part of Juneau County proved to be.

Paralleled with the cliff, twelve or fifteen feet from the edge, was plainly to be seen the "old fort," an earthwork that extends for 150 paces north and south, seventy-five paces east and west along the north face of the cliff, and 100 paces north and south on the land side, making a figure not unlike a capital "U" with the opening pointing south, and one side shorter than the other. The embankment was apparently about four feet thick. Its original height is a matter of conjecture. It is now twelve to fourteen inches, and when it was first noticed fifteen years ago it was about the same. A white oak tree eighteen inches thick has grown up through the mound in one place.

The place has been the subject of some speculation. If it were a fort, it was undoubtedly intended for defense from incursion from the river side. The cliff is practically impassable for some distance above the water's edge, and there was little to be feared from invaders. The fort may have been built when the average stage of the water was forty or fifty feet higher than at present.

One resident, who has given the subject considerable thought, is of the opinion that it was intended to guard the river. A wide expanse of water is seen, and the approach of hostile canoes or batteaux could not well be concealed. He thinks that the fort was built after the Indians had fire-arms, because the distances are too great for fighting with bows and arrows. Under this theory, the fort must have been created within the past 300 years.

Another theory says that it is not a fort at all, but a ruined temple of the sun worshipers, an antiquity preserved from the days when an errant child of an Inca ventured north and chose the choicest site in the neighborhood. It is still favored by the sun. The first rays strike it in the morning, and the last beams





BEAUTIFUL LAKE CHETEK, NEAR EAU CLAIRE-GLIMPSE OF LAKE FLEET AND A TEMPTING FISHING SCENE.

linger there at night, and the sunrises and sunsets from Prospect Point are singularly visible.

Whether it was a simple Indian fort of gunpowder times, or a very ancient temple, it was on June 21 a comfortable lounging-place for a halfwearied pedestrian. The mound, covered with soft turf, formed a natural divan. The dark river, jubilant in the bouyancy of the June high water, flowed steadily along the base of the point, a hundred feet below. On the opposite side, Witches' Cliff, fringed with pine-trees, towered in rugged strength. Trees on flooded islands showed above the water like masts on sunken ships. Dark shapes of driftwood and floating logs raced down the current. A hundred delicate scenic details touched the fancy by "sculptured cave and speaking river." Yet the most impressive detail of all was the old earthwork at my feet, with its sun-browned, wind-swept angle pointing up the river. The hands that raised the mound, and the shovel that cut the earth, have shared the fate of Solomon's throne and Merlin's tower, "gone like the wind." Rabbit and fox and raccoon visit it now more frequently than mankind, and the voices of whippoorwill and crow have taken the place of the mysterious language that the mound-builders used.

So agreeable were the surroundings and so warm the breeze that the sun was high up in the heavens before I started homeward. A private road ran out to the highway between grain-fields and pastures. I stopped to pass the time of day with a gray-bearded farmer who was driving along the highway, and said I had been to see the fort on the point.

"The old name for the place was Prospect Point," he said, "but Dr. Powell of La Crosse bought it, and now it is generally alluded to as Powell's Point. He expected to build a sanitarium there, but has never built it."

He said that it was a straight road to Kilbourn, and that if I turned to the left at the foot of the big hill I would find the "Old channel," while a turn to the right would lead to the railroad culvert across the "ancient channel," which was big enough to drive a load of hay through. He drove into his barn and I found the road practically as he said.

#### BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

As I remember the first fair touch Of those beautiful hands I love so much, I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled Kissing the glove that I found unfilled—When I met your gaze and the queenly bow, As you said to me, laughingly, "Keep it now!" And dazed and alone in a dream I stand, Kissing the ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so—
Pressed it and caressed it and gave it a kiss,
And said, "I could die for a hand like this!"
Little I dreamed love's fulness yet
Had to ripen when eyes were wet,
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O beautiful hands!
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering, and give me tonight
Only a touch—were it ever so light—
My heart were soothed and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again;
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.
For there is no solace the world commands,

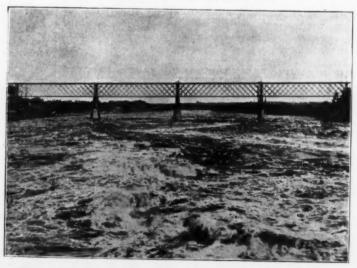
JAMES WHITCOMS RILEY.



LOOKING SOUTH FROM MT. WASHINGTON, SHOWING SHAWTOWN WAGON-BRIDGE, NEAR EAU CLAIRE.



EAU CLAIRE .- RESIDENCE OF DAVID DRUMMOND.



THE C., ST. P., M. & O. RAILWAY BRIDGE WHICH SPANS THE CHIPPEWA RIVER AT EAU CLAIRE.



#### MODERN CAR ARCHITECTURE.

Travelers of limited experience have an idea that in order to enjoy the full comforts and luxuries of modern travel they must map out their pleasure trips in Eastern territory-because, they argue, there can be found the perfect trains with their gorgeous appointments. But if any one of these much-mistaken individuals will walk down to the St. Paul Union Depot any morning before 8:35 and inspect the Northern Pacific's new "North Coast Limited," they will be most emphatically convinced of the error of their ways. Not in the service of all the great railway systems in the country can be found a more perfect train in point of modern comfort, luxury, and equipment than the "North Coast Limited." From the locomotive headlight to the broad, cool platform of the observation-car, this new train is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity-the apogee of perfection in modern car building, the embodiment of all the delights of traveling that can be compassed in one train of cars.

The observation-car is especially a delight to the eye and a boon to the old globe-trotter. For the men, there are the barber-shop, the card-rooms, where smoking and other manly necessities are allowed; while the commodious drawing-room with its comfortable chairs and broad windows are an attraction for the ladies. Both sexes enjoy such luxuries of travel as a well-equipped bookcase, a secure and comfortable observation platform, protected from dust and cinders by the overhanging hood, and of jars filled with beautiful roses and other flowers whose fragrance permeate every crevice of the car.

The publisher of this magazine was so fortunate as to be a guest of General Passenger Agent Fee on the initial trip of the "North Coast Limited," traveling in company with a crowd of newspaper men from St. Paul to Fargo, where the excursionists were feted by the business men of that enterprising city, driven about its smoothly-paved streets, and, all in all, made to feel that they owned a good part of the North Dakota metropolis. In the evening the well-known veteran of N. P. private cars. the old "Minnewaska." in which the writer has spent many delightful weeks and covered thousands of miles over Northern Pacific tracks, awaited the tired but happy scribes, and the return trip was made amid the merry sounds of the pop of the proverbial cork and the oft repeated and sincerely uttered toast, "Here's to the old N. P.—the best ever!"

### NORTH PACIFIC FRUIT INDUSTRIES FROM A RAILWAY STANDPOINT.

At the convention of the Northwest Fruit-Growers' Association, held in Tacoma, Wash., the latter part of January, Mr. S. L. Moore, general freight agent of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, took a very active part. As he is always doing everything in his power to promote the varied industries of the Northwest, and as he always speaks right to the point, we are of the opinion that his convention remarks will prove of general interest, and we take pleasure in quoting them. He said:

"With the beginning of each new year we plan for the next fruit convention, recall to mind and review the work of the last and preceding conventions, with the hope that we may contribute something that will be valuable to the fruit-grower and of interest to the farmer of the Pacific Northwest, the great domain destined in the future to support millions unow millions of people. Let us hasten the time by our efforts to show the multitudes in the crowded Eastern States what can be accomplished in this comparatively new field.

"You all know that I am not a fruit-grower or a farmer. 1 am a consumer. We are all consumers—some of us producers; one cannot survive without the other.

"To this meeting I came to represent one of your 'Pioneers,' not the first, but foremost amongst your pioneers—the early developers of this splendid State. I refer to the Pioneer Railway, the Northern Pacific, whose officials have endeavored to keep pace with your growing industry and provide essential and necessary equipment for the transportation of the fruits to market, also to find markets for the fruit on many occasions.

"We have not always succeeded, we admit we sometimes failed, but our general average is good. We, like yourselves, are human. Who amongst us will say he does not err? I am here with several of my associates, prepared to look into any grievances or irregularities that to you may appear to exist.

"In the past, as you are well aware, I have preached diversified farming and rotation of crops, but notwithstanding there is a sad need of this class of work in Washington and Idaho, I am not going to tire you this time about mixed crops. However, I would be remiss in my duty if I failed to warn you that each year several millions of your good dollars are sent to the Middle States, not for dry-goods, silks, and millinery, but for pork, hams, bacon, poultry, butter, and eggs. Wouldn't it be fine to keep these dollars at home, circulating amongst yourselves? If your fruit industry is not a success, how are you going to get these dollars back from the East into your pockets again?

"You send to the East large sums of cash for your boots, shoes, trousers, coats, shirts, collars, hats, and books, also for your hardware, machinery, merchant-iron, stoves and stoveware, furniture, blankets, and houseware, including chinaware, groceries, teas, and luxuries. Pray tell what is there in the list of manufactured goods that you do not buy? If you are going to buy everything, where is your money to come from with which to pay? Is there not need of producing something else besides fruit and wheat, both of which crops sometimes fail either in quantity or as to price? Should your cash go to California for canned fruits, beans, or honey, or for butter, and to the Mississippi or Missouri rivers for ham, bacon, eggs, butter, and poultry?

"I am pleased to note that much attention is being paid to beet culture; this is in line with the fruit industry, sure thing! because it requires sugar to can and preserve fruit. How can you succeed in fruit culture if you lose your fruit by glut in the market, or by rot in the orchards? I am advised by a large canner in California that sugar does not cut such a figure with them, but they must have it. He is authority for saying that five pounds of sugar will do for sixty pounds of canned goods; that is, one case of two dozen two and one-half pound cans. Your fruits, having more flavor, may require a little more sugar.

"In California the average freight rate on sugar to the canner is twenty cents per hundred pounds. Why, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland can beat the rate now; and so far as the interior points east of the Cascades are concerned, the beet-sugar factories and the railroads will overcome any disadvantages. Cost of sugar, therefore, will not be an obstacle to canning-what, then, will be the obstacle? One grower at Parker, I am told. allowed 200,000 pounds of prunes to rot on the ground. This is only one instance of many losses of that kind. Why not dry or can such fruit? At Walla Walla one grower cut down seven hundred prune-trees; others there say prunes cannot be made to pay. May I ask if their estimate excludes consideration of drying and canning? Another grower says it can be made to pay by putting up evaporators. Two important shippers in Portland say more money can be made by drying than by shipping the green fruit. Some growers are talking of cutting down their orchards.

"I claim that if your petition had been granted by the railroads, and a rate of seventy-five cents per hundred pounds published, your returns for the cars vou shipped would have been less than they were at the rate of \$1.12½ and \$1.25. The crop of fruit in California was large, and the crop in the Northwest was large, and the combined shipments of California. Oregon, Washington, and Idaho that would have been made at a low rate of

seventy-five cents, would have thoroughly and completely broken down the market. It is a question if freight would have been realized. The 200,000 pounds that rotted in one orchard helped to keep up the prices in the East. It is a well-known fact that demand creates and regulates the price. It was illustrated last season—you secured good, even fancy, prices for your prunes and apples; why? because the small crops made them scarce, consequently the demand was greater than the supply.

"It was a sin to allow the 200,000 pounds to rot in the orchard—they should have been dried or preserved, and then they would have brought good returns. When a crop is normal, or very large, you should prevent too much going on the market green, by drying or canning at home, no matter how low the freight rate may happen to be. You should arrange for canneries. The

railroads will make reduced rates for the concentration of surplus lots of green fruits at points where it may be canned. We recommend that the Walla Walla, Lewiston, and Yakima districts, and the Coast cities, be investigated with a view to ascertaining what supply of fruits can be offered for canning, and, if short in any kind, to ascertain the nearest points where same can be supplied. Canneries are sure to come. If you can ascertain what you can offer to supply same, we will advertise it for you, and do all we consistently can to encourage parties to locate. You ought to put in more dryers for your surplus prunes.

"The first canneries started will at once be subsidized; in other words, the housekeepers in Washington and Idaho will agree to call for their own State brand when they go or send to the grocer for a supply of canned or preserved fruits or vegetables. They will insist upon having the home product if it can be had. The press of your States will see that they are reminded of it, and the ladies are patriotic enough to look out for the rest. Thus

y of your dollars will be kept at home among yourselves. Gentlemen of the convention, this is a good time to look at this matter squarely and fairly, and ask ourselves the question, If fruit-growers in California are succeeding, why should not we? Perhaps they passed through similar stages of doubt in their early history. I have endeavored to study this question. but I cannot find that the freight rates are wrong; if I did it would be my duty to report and rectify them; but California growers are sending their products green, dried, and in cans to the same markets you send yours, but on a higher basis generally for transportation and refrigeration, and in no case, to my knowledge, on a lower basis. Do I stand corrected? The Northern Pacific Company is more interested in this matter than any individual in this convention, or any number of them in this State, or in the States of Washington, Idaho, or Oregon. We could not afford to let unreasonable rates stand in the way, if you are working your orchards and the product on the correct basis. Our interests are mutual.

"We made you a lesser rate on apples because they do not require ice or the quick service in transit, and ordinarily they go onto the market at a lower price than other fruit. May I be permitted to ask why apple-orchards are not increased? You can grow, if you will, the best apples in the world. At your

last meeting I read you testimonials from a very prominent gentleman in the East, one who has traveled and is known throughout the world, Mr. Phillip Armour—no better judge could be found anywhere. He had several boxes of your Spitzenbergs from the Yakima Valley. He said, taking flavor, beauty, and everything into consideration, they were the best he had ever eaten. I saw them, and had several boxes at my home—they were beauties, and a joy as long as they held out. The Baldwins and Newtown pippins were delicious also. Every apple appeared to have been wiped, was wrapped in a white paper, assorted as to size and put in rows, each row independent of any row above or beneath. The boxes were clean and neat and upon taking off a wrapper one felt like sinking his teeth

into the apple at once. The Ben Davis and other mealy apples should be kept at home.

"One more word about the beet. Doctor Wiley, chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture. says: 'The pulp of beets constitutes one of the cheapest and most nutritious stock foods that can enter into the daily ration of any animal fed for almost any purpose, about as nutritious as the sugar-beets before the sugar is taken out of them.' Wonderful results are being shown now as to its value for fattening hogs and cattle, and feeding lambs and dairy cows. Doctor Wiley also says, that 'since the introduction of the beet-sugar industry, California is rapidly forging to the front as a dairy State.'

Mr. William Harder, general freight agent of the Great Northern Railway, speaking on the subject of avoiding losses to fruit-growers, said:

"A remedy has been suggested in which I thoroughly concur, namely, the canning and preserving of your products instead of placing green

ducts instead of placing green fruit on uncertain markets. Mr. Moore, in his address to you, also advocates the establishment of canneries, and gave you some data. I feel convinced that, if your products are preserved in this way, every one of you will show a comfortable balance on the right side of your ledger instead of the losses you now report. Fruit put up in this way will not only find a ready market in the East, but will also find its way across the water to the Orient, for you must remember that there are four hundred million Chinese, forty million Japanese, and eleven million Filipinos over there, and if we supply, say ten per cent of this vast population, we would be trading with a number equal to seventy-five per cent of the entire population of the United States. You can rest assured that our trade with the Orient is only beginning; we are supplying these people with rails and locomotives, and when their country is opened by railroads and by rivers, they will trade with us and want our products. In addition to all this, the Siberian railway is fast nearing completion, and a vast trade will spring up in this direction also. I will not be surprised to see in five years the Pacific Ocean covered by as many freight-carrying steamers as on the Atlantic Ocean, and the Pacific Coast will reap full benefit of all this; in fact, it is already the 'Bulls Eye' of the United States. Mr. Moore has told you that the Northern Pacific will take up the



THE NORTHERN PACIFIC'S MAGNIFICENT "NORTH COAST LIMITED "TRAIN.

matter of rates and give it full consideration and relief consistent with the premises, in which I am sure the Great Northern will join. We have not handled the amount of fruit which we would like to, conditions and circumstances beyond our control were the cause; but this coming season we intend to give you a ninety-hour service from the Coast to Eastern terminals, and thereby hope to secure a fair share of this fruit traffic."

#### MONTANA HORTICULTURE.

The growth of the horticultural business in Montana, as shown by the figures and estimates made at the session of the State Board of Horticulture, will surprise many people. According to the showing made, the industry is one of the great ones that is increasing. It would perhaps surprise many people to know that if every fruit-tree in the State of Montana that is bearing fruit bore a proportional amount, the yield would be worth the vast sum of \$3,000,000. This figure is said to be conservative.

It is also estimated. The Helena (Mont.) Herald observes, that there are approximately one million fruit-trees in the State, and that about one quarter of a million have been planted this season, bringing the total acreage of the State in fruit-trees up to 13,000, allowing 100 trees to the acre. It is estimated that if this addition to the acreage is made each year, the total acreage of the State would in ten years amount to 40,000 acres.

#### MORE FACTORIES ARE NEEDED.

The Walla Walla (Wash.) Union expresses its opinion as follows: "The State of Washington is steadily increasing in population, and the time is at hand when greater attention should be devoted to the establishment and encouragement of manufacturing industries sufficient to supply at least the home markets on the Coast. The great cost of transportation from the East should be saved to the State and go toward the development of such industries as can be successfully sustained by the trade of the Pacific Northwest, and that yet to be developed on the other side of the great ocean.

With the growth of manufacturing interests will the markets enlarge for the farmers' productions, from which they will realize better and more stable prices, and save much of the freight expenses which go to increase the dividends of corporations. Washington's great need in 1900 is a boom all along the lines of manufacturing industries. It raises the wheat, why not manufacture the goods to supply the grower?

#### GREAT PROSPERITY IN STORE.

Never has there been so promising an outlook for the future of the State as at present, says the Minnewaukan (N. D.) Siftings. All our exchanges are filled with items announcing the arrival of new settlers, and as a rule they are of the substantial sort-men with means to embark in the various pursuits on a substantial scale—the sort of men who will do much to develop the wonderful resources of the State during the next few years. And this section of the State is not being slighted in the way of immigration. Our exchanges of the past few weeks announce the arrival of new faces, or the return of old ones that once more have turned North Dakotaward after having tried various sections of the country without finding anything so promising as is offered here. Few realize fully the evolution that is taking place in this country at the present time. North Dakota is passing that era of newness and uncertainty. We are getting upon a sound, substantial basis. North Dakota and Benson County are all right, and the people who have stawed with her will be all right.

#### FARM LANDS IN GREAT DEMAND.

The Minneapolis Times says that there has been a greater demand to farm lands throughout Minnesota and the Dakotas during the west three months of this year than during the entire year of 1899. There has also been a correspondingly large number of sales

Thousands of settlers have already come into the State and

into North and South Dakota this year, and nearly all of these have enough money with them to start them in the farming business. The local real estate men have been doing good business supplying them with farming-lands. It is not an exaggeration to say that hundreds of thousands of acres of choice farming-lands have been sold this year in Central and Northern Minnesota and in the Dakotas, especially in North Dakota.

As a result of the unusual demand and unusual amount of business in these lands, the prices have already commenced to stiffen, and there have been several very considerable advances. It is, however, impossible to stop the rush, and the prices will go soaring this summer before the business ends.

There are still millions of acres of as good farming-lands as can be found in the country, right in these three States, and there is enough land for all who come. The real estate men expect that the business will keep up for a couple of years at least.

#### A NOVEL TOBACCO VENTURE.

A cigar manufacturing company in La Crosse, Wis., has started an enterprise which, if successful, will mean much to La Crosse and to La Crosse County. The Republican of that city says that the company has for some years past been growing tobacco on a small scale, with varying success. The principal difficulty experienced was in getting the crop ready for harvest before the fall frosts.

The young plants are very tender, and in this climate they cannot be set out early in the spring on account of the occasional late spring frosts, which would kill them. To do away with this obstacle, the company has had erected two large greenhouses, and already have tobacco plants started. These houses are kept warm, from 80° to 90°, and the plants will be kept there until June, when all danger of frosts will be over. Then they will be transplanted with a machine made especially for the purpose, which not only put the plants in the ground, but waters and fertilizes the soil at the same time.

The company has about fifteen acres of land east of the city which it will use for that purpose. It takes about 9,000 plants to the acre, and setting them out by hand-labor would be an expensive undertaking.

Wisconsin took second prize at the World's Fair for tobaccoraising, and the product exhibited was raised in Vernon County. The soil here is very similar, and there is no reason why the company's scheme should not work. It will be watched with much interest.

#### A DECAYING NATION.

The Medawakanton Sioux, known among themselves as the Dakotahs, were at one time the most famous band of Indians in the West. But their downfall was quickly accomplished when the whites came into the country, and now there is scarcely one of them left who even remembers the tales of the tribe's former greatness. Those of them that still live in Minnesota are the funniest looking lot of Indians any one ever saw. They would never be mistaken for the noble red man painted by Cooper.

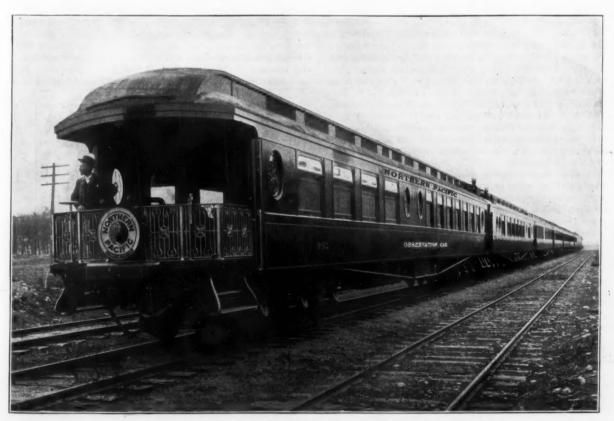
About 400 of them appeared at 125 South Wabasha Street recently, to receive their annuities. There were only half a dozen full-blooded Indians in the lot, the rest being half, quarter, eighth and even sixteenth-breeds; for, as far as the Indian blood can be traced, it carries an annuity with it. Hardly one in a dozen of them bears the slightest resemblance to the Simon pure aborigine.

The Indians paid in St. Paul are those who live in the city and at Mendota, New Canada, and Grey Cloud Island. Other payments will be made at Hastings, Shakopee, Wabasha, Redwood Falls, and Faribault.

There are 918 on the lists, less than 200 of whom are full-bloods. The Congressional appropriation is \$5,000, and each of the men, women and children on the lists receives \$5.12.



NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER MISSISSIPPI BIVER BETWEEN DAVENPORT, IOWA, AND ROCK ISLAND, ILLINOIS-DESIGNED BY CHAS. F. LOWETH, CIVIL ENGINEER, ST. PAUL, MINN.



OBSERVATION CAR ON THE "NORTH COAST LIMITED" TRAIN OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY.



# GRAPHIC SKETCH OF PROGRESS IN IDAHO.



In writing of the recent developments of Weiser, Idaho, and the growth of the surrounding country since my last visit here about eight months ago, I may mention that I then predicted an era of town improvements and general growth that appeared to many rather optimistic; but it has all been fulfilled, and I enjoy the pleasure now of being able to say to many of the less sanguine ones, "I told you so." Weiser has made surprising strides in a substantial way in eight months. The two leading hotels have been enlarged to almost double their old capacity, besides being renovated and refurnished throughout, making them now fairly comfortable stopping-places. Many of the old store buildings have been torn down and replaced with brick and stone structures, and many new business buildings have been added. The whole physiognomy of the business portion of the place is entirely changed; from a loose, straggling village of a year ago, it is converted into a smart, thrifty, city-appearing place. The residence section of the town is more than keeping pace with the business portion, and yet it is impossible to rent a house. Excellent taste is manifested in the residences now being erected, and if this home-building disposition be maintained here for a few years. Weiser will outrival any town in Idaho for the beauty and elegance of its homes.

The municipal authorities, too, are being stirred by the spirit of improvements and are doing their share towards the general welfare. Their recent efforts towards street-making is a commendable undertaking. This can be accomplished very thoroughly and so cheaply here, owing to the splendid material for that purpose found along the Pacific & Idaho Northern Railway. It is a wonderful road-making substance, and is found in great abundance about twenty miles from town. It was uncovered by the excavation for the track at the Devil's Elbow in Weiser Canyon, and is called cement gravel-from its disposition, no doubt, to resemble concrete after it is in place a short time. It is a singular gravel, looking to me like a well-worn, well-washed gravel made up of basalt, lime, fire-clay, and some quartzite, and it runs in size from particles half the size of a kernel of wheat to pieces as large as one's thumb. It has a tendency to be more flat than round or angular, and is said by those who have investigated it, to contain over ten per cent of cement. I know that it makes a durable street, road, or sidewalk, and municipal authorities with the problem of paving or road-making before them should familiarize themselves with the value of this natural road-making ingredient.

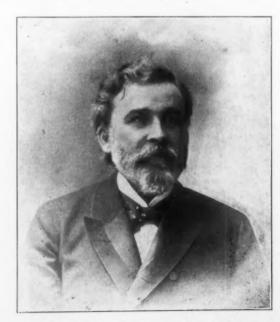
The whole country around Weiser, along the Snake and the Weiser River valleys, is in a remarkably prosperous condition; and the influx of new people, who are buying improved lands and taking up Government land, will add materially to this prosperity. There is still a great quantity of partially improved land that can be obtained at very reasonable prices, and an abundance of Government land along the Weiser River and its many tributaries. The timber land is still very plentiful, although a great deal of it has been taken up within the last six months. This is a most desirable kind of property, and can be obtained under the Timber and Stone Act. With the advancement of the Pacific & Idaho Northern Railway into this magnificent timber-belt, every quarter with a well-wooded surface will find a ready sale at good prices.

The new towns on the Pacific & Idaho Northern are growing fast, especially the town of Cambridge at the lower end of Salubria Valley. This point has a big scope of agricultural and mining territory to supply, and as those interests are developed Cambridge is destined to be a place of unusual importance. I stated, eight months ago, that the building of the Pacific & Idaho Northern would open up one of the most extensive and varied mining regions in America, and I am glad to hear that

this opinion is concurred in by some of the most expert mining men of the West. The development of these latent mineral resources will mean a great deal to Idaho, but its importance to the local farmers of the Weiser River Valley can hardly be seen today. Irrigation, of course, is the sole means of raising a crop here; without it nothing is successful, but with water the most barren desert can be changed to an earthly paradise. I will cite a near-by illustration of what can be accomplished in this marvelous valley by the aid of water and intelligent and energetic supervision:

About thirteen years ago a group of such prominent men as the late Frederick L. Ames, of Boston; P. P. Shelby, now of the P. & I. N. Railway; Fred J. Keisel, of Salt Lake; ex-Gov. B. F. White, of Montana; ex-Gov. A. L. Thomas, of Utah; P. H. Lannan, of the Salt Lake Tribune; Howard Sebree, of Caldwell, and others acquired land of the ordinary desert character, and built a canal twenty-five miles long designed to irrigate 40,000 acres. Over \$300,000 was expended on this project and the improvements under it. It proved a profitable undertaking, and many of the original owners still hold their land: but none of the original gentlemen took the profound interest in irrigation that has been displayed by Mr. Shelby. He brought a wide range of practical experience to bear on the subject, and consequently the Shelby ranch is continually referred to as the highest type of development under irrigation in the whole of Idaho. The water is taken from the Boise River about a mile north of Caldwell, and the Shelby tract is near Parma, and consists of two miles square. Shelby did not limit his operations to the few staple things usually grown under irrigation such as fruit, alfalfa, and cereals, but launched out into new lines, and today he has the most diversified and successful tract of irrigated land in the valley-besides being a model from which the less experienced people can successfully copy. His practical demonstration of successful hop-growing in the valley is of incalculable value to the whole community.

Shelby is a man of broad reputation as a railroad official. He served twenty-one years with the Union Pacific, in various capacities, and was general freight agent of that system when the whole road was managed from Omaha. He served nine years with the Great Northern Railway, first as general manager of the Montana Central, then as general traffic manager of the Great Northern at St. Paul, and later as vice-president and general manager of the Coast lines of that road. Afterwards he had charge of track construction from Puget Sound to the Cas-



P. P. SHELBY, GENERAL MANAGER PACIFIC & IDAHO NORTHERN RAILWAY.



GERMAN-PRUNE TREES ON P. P. SHELBY'S RANCH AT PARMA, IDAHO.

cades for the Great Northern, and now he is general manager of the Pacific & Idaho Northern, under whose charge the construction work has been conducted. P. P. Shelby is a man of many attainments outside of railroad lines, a fact recently recognized by his election as a corresponding member of the National Geographic Society of Washington, which is an American prototype of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain. This is considered a distinction and a decided honor. He is also president of the Fruit Growers' Association of Southern Idaho.

Out of the coterie of clever men who formed that irrigation company near Caldwell, Shelby deserves the most credit for its present success. He applied intelligent modern methods to irrigation, and others followed; and now a prosperous, happy, contented community is the result. As the general manager of the Pacific & Idaho Northern Railway, his suggestions and advice will be of material benefit to those seeking homes, farms, business openings, or any other class of undertaking in this great new region with its boundless opportunities.

R. G. SOLIS.

#### DUST OF AGES, BLOOM OF YOUTH.

A lifetime ago the twin apotheoses of remoteness were "far Cathay" and the land of "the Oregon." They were figures of speech employed occasionally by poets, but seldom used in practical affairs by practical people. One was the mysterious land of the antipodes; the other an unbroken solitude, and even the missionaries had not thought seriously of going to either.

A fourth of a century ago, the Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review says, the bunch-grass rippled in native wildness over the land of the Palouses, and the cataracts of the Spokane thun-

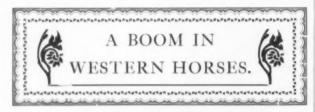
dered unfettered as when they fell from the hand of God. Seattle was a straggling backwoods town of 2,000 people, and Tacoma had scarcely been discovered. These thoughts are suggested by this bit of marine news in the Tacoma Ledger:

"The steamship Duke of Fife steamed into the bay yesterday. Half an hour after the big steamer was tied up, the sacks of flour began to pour into her hold. She will load a full cargo for the Orient here, and will be a valuable addition to the already large fleet now plying from this port, as she has elegant and ample passenger accommodations. She will be hauled in to the ocean dock Monday, and then the work of putting the cotton and machinery now in the shed aboard the ship will begin in earnest.

"Just beyond the Duke of Fife, tied to a buoy, lies the handsome Victoria. These two ships will have to be loaded and made ready for wa by the time the monster carrier Goodwin comes in from Yokohama, which will be in about ten days from now. There is plenty of freight in sight to insure all three steamships a full cargo."

The flour was grown on the Palouse hills, and ground by the power of the Falls of the Spokane. It is going a third of the circumference of the globe, to feed the Chinese—a food offering from the youngest cities on the globe to the world's most ancient nation, sent in exchange for the tea you sip while reading this paper, and the silks and ribbons worn by your wife or sister.

How old is the Chinese empire? Seven thousand years, says Confucius. And the State of Washington? Ten years it has been in the Union. Dust of ages, and bloom of youth! Set of sun, and dawn of morning!



Presto, change! and the worthless Western horse, almost in the twinkling of an eye, becomes a valuable animal. He is no longer looked upon as a "Pest of the Prairie and Mountain Ranges." He has raised his head erect, and now demands a reasonable share of attention. When we are overrun with anything that is continually getting in our pathway, we call it a "pest."

Yes, the tide has turned in his favor, and he is bound to bring his price in any market. Think of it! More than twenty thousand head of these range-horses have been sold in one market, namely, the South St. Paul market, during the past sixty days. Thousands have been sold also at Omaha, Kansas Čity, and at various other markets; and large herds of these horses, formerly called worthless animals, were gathered in Montana and Washington for sales to take place in St. Louis and Chicago in the early part of May. Several thousand head were recently purchased for shipment to Minnesota Transfer, where a sale was advertised to take place a few weeks ago.

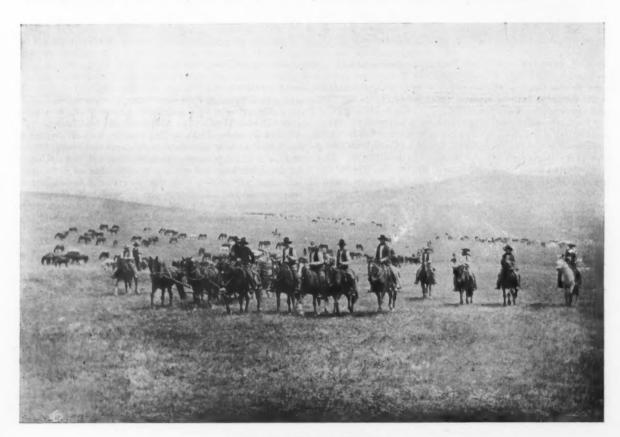
How did Dobbin of the West degenerate? What was the cause of his downfall, and this singularly reversed condition?

A dozen or more years ago a scarcity of good horses existed, and the new settlers and old ranchers of the plains began to invest in breeding stock. The farmers in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys did likewise, and in the course of a few years there was a slump in prices. It was not long until there was a large surplus, and absolutely no sale for any but the best horses. It

was too expensive for the Western ranchers to "close herd" or hold their stock in corrals, consequently they turned their horses loose, regardless of their sex, and, like bands of gypsies, these horses began to roam the prairies and to climb the steep sides of the mountains. The statutes were overlooked or totally ignored; the stallions were set loose among the various strains of blood, and every mare that was two years of age and up contributed her share towards multiplying the varieties and numbers of horses on the prairies, until it was out of the question to herd them, and colts were turned loose as soon as branded. These horses degenerated in size and quality, and during the early nineties were generally dubbed the "bronco" and "cayuse," also the "gay and festive," because of their bucking proclivities. They were also called the "cow" or "Maverick" horses, notwithstanding the fact that some excellent blood flowed in their veins.

Soon poor Dobbin was forsaken by man; his roving bands multiplied into millions, and the ranges were overrun. Think of this vast army stalking the prairies in daylight, and, like specters in the moonlight, eating the grasses that were required for the sustenance of the cattle and sheep! Then was Dobbin, or the rollicking, high-rolling bronco, dubbed a nuisance.

In 1895, incredible as it may seem to some, the writer and several others conceived the idea of creating a market by advertising Mr. Cayuse in Europe, also in our Eastern States, with a view of disposing of him on the hoof if possible; if not, then to have him sliced up and served in steaks to the Frenchman and in sausages to the Germans. Articles in this strain were written and copied in journals throughout the world, calling the attention of capitalists to these millions upon millions of horses herding on the rich grasses of the plains once occupied by the buffalo, the elk, and the antelope, drinking from the pure mountain streams and tributaries of the great rivers. In 1896 several train-loads were shipped on the hoof to Germany, and about that time there was inaugurated in Oregon the slaughter of horses fresh from the ranges; since which date shipments of pickled



THE WESTERN HORSE ON THE RANGE.

and canned horse-meat have been made regularly, from this horse-meat factory located at Portland, to Stockholm, Sweden, Christiania, Norway, and Copenhagen, Denmark.

In 1898 an enterprise of this character to be handled on a large scale was on tapis, and the only thing that prevented its consummation and location on the ranch of the once famous Marquis De Mores on the Northern Pacific Railway in North Dakota, was the threatened advance in the price of horses. To such an extent had the market depreciated up to this time that many breeders were forced into bankruptcy. The electric cars had multiplied in number, taking the place of horse-cars; the bicycle had become a favorite means of transportation and pleasure, and did not require feeding and stabling; these, and other causes served to humble and degrade poor bronco the half-breed most shamefully. Think of buying a horse for a dollar and a half—you could buy thousands of them at this price a few years ago!

The Montana breeders were the most energetic and progressive of any in the West. They bought sires of thoroughbred and trotting blood in Kentucky, and fine grades of Clydesdale and Norman stallions were imported from Europe. It is said that bunches of Mexican horses, mixed with Spanish blood, strayed to the northern ranges and mixed up things with the Maverick horse, and all classes thus herding together became wofully mixed in blood.

With the advent of 1900 the boom began. The low prices which prevailed for several years caused a cessation in breeding in the East; the bicycle boom began to decline; the Spanish-American War used up thousands of

horses; the war in Africa caused a search to be made in the United States for horses to climb the kopjes after the Boers; and all these combined served to take the kinks out of the market when prices began to advance. The Eastern and the Middle States were being cleared of horses of average value, and this forced the buyers of those States to look to the West to replenish their farming districts with cheaper horses. This search for horses will continue; the sales will be numerous from now on, because there is a shortage of horses all through the Eastern and the Middle States, and because the English Government wants more.

The auction-sales at South St. Paul are conducted in an honest, upright and business-like manner. A ring is prepared for buyers which has a seating capacity nearly equal to that of a circus. The horses are cut out and assorted in carload lots before the sale takes place, each bunch being kept in wings and alley-ways convenient to run into the sales-ring at a moment's notice. A carload is put up, and the auctioneer sells almost in a minute from the time it is run in, every buyer present having an opportunity to bid, but compelled to do so on the jump.

Now the Western horse is coming in for its share of admiration. Heretofore it was the "meazly thing." Now it is different—they are a "fine lot of Western horses," with "plenty of bone," some "splendid bays and fine roans," "well-gaited," etc., etc. It is praise all round by the farmers and horsemen who attend the sales; and if you could hear the auctioneer, you would think there never was any other kind of a horse known to man. He can furnish the buyer with a "tip-top bay," "a beauty of a black," "a gray with a good pair of eyes and splendid bone," "a white with fine shoulders and broad back-look at him, now! Isn't he a beauty?" He can furnish you a black horse with white eyes, or a white horse with black eyes, just as you please. In a jiffy he can run into the ring a carload of stripes, checks, plaids, circus-horses, or horses of any color in the rainbow. The writer attended one of the auction-sales when three thousand horses were sold in car-lots in about four hours. He can testify to the truth of the auctioneer's statements in this respect. There were horses of nearly every size; and as to color, nearly every shade found in the windows of one of our fashionable drygoods stores!

Now for a word of caution: There are doubtless a million and a half of these serviceable horses tributary to the Northern Pacific. They must go while the boom is on, or they are likely not sell at all. Pray do not put your prices too high, is our advice to the ranchmen. Remember that these horses are being sought for by men who are under no small expense traveling from the far East. It costs them considerable for freight, feed, care and commission. They cannot pay you a high price; if they do, you are not liable to see them in your neighborhood again. If they lose money on their purchase, they will seek other ranges for lower prices. You can afford to let them go at a very low price, in order to make room on your ranges for cattle and sheep.

It has been demonstrated that the range-horse, properly broken, is as gentle as any horse in the world. One can see



THE BRONCO IN ACTIVE SERVICE.

them about our streets every day. The delivery boy scarcely ever stops to tie them; they are perfectly quiet until they hear his voice again, or the noise of the crack of his whip. We predict that Dobbin of the range will never again serve to tickle the palate of the French and German connoisseur, but that he is destined to go in double and single harness along with the milkman and the plowboy. He will rollick with the cultivator, and take part in the performance at the circus. If his rear pedestals occasionally go up in the air, you may be sure that he is cogitating on some of the incidents of his earlier good old days on the Western prairie, when he didn't have to do a stroke of work.

One of my neighbors suddenly lost one of his large gray carriage-horses recently; he found one from Montana which matched him thoroughly in gait, size, and style, and 1,250-pound Dobbin is now as proud and happy as a dumb animal can possibly be, together with his mate drawing his mistress in a victoria or brougham on shopping and pleasure excursions.

Aye! Dobbin is destined to serve in various capacities over all our land. The Northern Pacific Railway Company is sending buyers to the ranches in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon to bring more horses to the auction-sales, and, if the owners will accept reasonable prices, hundreds of thousands of horses will be brought East, and cash from the East will be left in the West in exchange for them. Isn't this far better than holding on to them?

The shipments from the Northern Pacific ranges, as recorded in the general freight office of that company for a number of years, are as shown below and are of interest as tending to show the periods of advance and decline in the industry:

Year. C:	arloads.	Year. Ca	rloads.
1887	6,000	1894 ,	4,500
1888	3,500	1895	4,000
1889	13,800	1896	3,000
1890	7,500	1897	5,700
1891	19,000	1898	6,000
1892	11,100	1899	22,300
1800	0.200	rano (4 months)	13,500

STEWART L. MOORE, General Freight Agent N. P. Railway.



#### KLONDIKE JUSTICE.

A man convicted of any offense in the Klondike is compelled to saw wood. He saws ten hours a day steadily, day after day, until his sentence expires. He must saw regardless of the weather. In the most intense cold, the hardest rain, the fiercest snow-storm, he is compelled to continue sawing, and if the day has not ten hours of light, lanterns are provided to enable him to put in a full day.

When the pile of sawed wood begins to get low, the authorities sentence men for very slight offenses, and the natural result is that nearly all the Dawsonites are kept on their good behavior.

#### WHEN HE WANTED TO BE KICKED.

Seventeen Japs got on the Ballard car the other evening. They were fresh from Japan, and had just put on their best clothes, which were not so fresh. They smelled like the Bubonic plague and tide-flats in and around the main sewer. Two of their number, according to the Ballard (Wash.) News, were women, and all had to stand, for no one felt like getting up and fighting his way into Seattle standing up.

Finally a large, raw-boned man did get up and say: "Nice lot of men to permit a woman to stand," and, beckoning to one of the Japanese women, he offered her his seat. But she was too slow. One of the Japanen made a rush for the seat and secured it, and during the rest of the way the generous man looked as if he wished some one would come along and give him a kick.

#### WHERE SQUIRRELS ARE PROTECTED.

"One of the most curious features of city lite that I ever ran across is at Madison, Wis.," remarked a traveling man recently. "I know of no other place where squirrels run at large in the heart of a city; but they do at Madison, and Madisonians are proud of it, and take great precautions to see that they are not harmed.

"Madison, you know, is the capital of the State, and is a city of considerable size. In the center of the business district are situated the capitol buildings and grounds, occupying four blocks. Formerly the grounds were surrounded by an iron picket-fence, and the squirrels, for the most part, remained inside the fence. I believe there was a sentence of death imposed on any dog which harmed a squirrel, and in one or two instances the penalty was inflicted. At any rate, Madisonians with dogs were very careful about going into the capitol-grounds with them, and in course of time most Madison dogs learned to let the squirrels alone.

"A few years ago the fence was taken down, but still the squirrels increase and prosper. In fact, they are tamer now than ever before, and on my last trip to Madison I had the pleasure of sitting on a bench in the capitol-grounds and feeding a squirrel which sat on the bench beside me and ate from my hand. Nor do they remain in the grounds now, as they used to do. They make pilgrimages to all parts of the city, and one is likely to run across them anywhere. Of course, they don't hang around the streets where travel is heaviest, but it is not unusual to see one scurry across in front of an electric car, 'scoot' down a side street, and take to a convenient tree.

"I believe it has happened two or three times that a brute in human form has killed one, but it is risky business. If caught, the Madisonians surely would make an example of him. Why, they've even got the boys with slung-shots trained so that they won't shoot at a squirrel; and you know that a boy with a slung-shot will ordinarily shoot at anything that moves and can't retaliate.

"I don't know how they have brought about this state of affairs, but they surely have done it. It astonishes a stranger in Madison not a little to sit on the steps of a hotel and see the squirrels playing tag with people passing on the other side of the street."

#### AN OLD-TIME MONTANA TRAGEDY.

In 1887 Helena, Mont., was overrun by a shoal of sure-thing The streets were crowded nightly, and every game, from the old-time shell to the photograph sale, was reaping a rich harvest. In one gambling-house a short-faro game had been started, and attracted a great deal of attention. In short faro the dealer runs out six cards, backs up from the box, placing them face downward on the table. When all bets have been made, the dealer pulls from the box the seventh card, and turns it face upward. Then he turns up each of the six cards upon which he had invited bets. If the dealer's card is higher than the better's card, the bank wins. If the better's card is higher than the one turned by the dealer, the better wins. If, however, there is a tie-if the dealer turns the same card that the better had placed his money on-the bank wins. But in such a case the player has the option of losing his money or of having another chance the next hand around if he will double his bet. This process can be continued as long as the better is willing to double his stakes. If he wins, he gets paid in full; if he loses, the bank gets all.

It was while playing at this game that Dave King lost his life in June, 1887. King had been living in the mining-camps of Marysville and Wickes for a couple of years. He was one of the best gamblers in the West. He looked, however, like a typical miner, as, wearing a soft gray hat, blue flannel shirt, trousers tucked in his boots, he strolled in where this short-faro game was being played. After watching the game for a few minutes he began to play, placing \$1 bills rolled into a ball on the cards. He won almost every time, and always called for his pay in bills. Soon, however, another player at the opposite end of the table had begun to double his stakes, and the dealer was giving his attention to the high better. King didn't get excited, but continued to make an occasional bet, always with a \$1 bill rolled into a wad. The dealer in paying would pick up a \$1 bill and pass it across to King. This had been going on for perhaps half an hour, when the dealer again tossed a soiled \$1 bill to King in payment, as the dealer thought, of a \$1

"Come again," said King to the dealer. "Look at that bet." The dealer, a slight-built, black-eyed, nervous Frenchman, leaned over and unrolled King's bet. As he did so he saw that he had been tricked. A crisp, yellow \$1,000 note rolled out of the dirty \$1 bill. King had won \$1,001. The dealer was white with rage. There was no limit to the game, and King had won fairly. The dealer, instead of paying the bet, leaned back in his chair, reached his hand under the table, and sprang forward and over the table. In his right hand gleamed a long stiletto. In an instant he had buried it in King's neck, pulled it out, and buried it again.

The place was in an uproar in an instant. The visitors broke for the door, and the cappers and bouncers pulled their guns and jumped upon King. He was harmless, however, for the Frenchman's aim had been true. He had killed King with the first stab.

There was a great to-do about this crime. The Frenchman managed to get out of town, and never was caught, and it was given out by the owners of the gambling-house that King had been killed in a row of his own making. But the short-faro game was closed and never re-opened. Shortly afterward an anti-gambling law was passed in Montana, and all "sure-thing" games were shut up, much to the satisfaction of the square gamblers.

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#### A GLIMPSE OF HOME IN THE KLONDIKE.

"Say, boys, come over here," shouted Joe Bender across the street from the Dawson post-office one morning when the wind cut through the forty-below-zero atmosphere like a razor.

"What you got?" lazily inquired Bill Brown, strolling over with his hands in his pockets. "Struck new dirt anywhere?"

"Nope. Better'n dirt. Just look in that there window, and tell me what you think of that boy."

A dozen necks were stretched to peer into an open box, and the effect was magical.

"Come here, everybody!" yelled Bill Brown.
"I'm blest if it ain't a chicken!"

Up the street came the dwellers of Dawson, young and old, rich and poor, men and women. They gathered in crowds before the store where chanticleer strutted up and down in his box, conscious that he was the only chicken on the roost, and proud of the sensation he created.

"Don't you wish he'd crow?" whispered one, nudging his neighbor. "Twould seem awful kind o' homelike."

Just then the obliging cock flapped his wings, and saluted the gloomy orb that makes darkness visible at Dawson in winter. A tremor of ecstasy ran through the crowd, and little exclamations that were half pleasure and half pain, as the homesick eyes feasted on this first live reminder of home and comfort. Some of the men began to go, with a thoughtful, far-away look in their eyes, and then they would tiptoe back again for another peep at the feathered sovereign of the hour.

Suddenly there was a dividing of the throng, as down through the midst of them came "Klondike Jack," carrying a child carefully wrapped in blankets.

"Get away, boys!" he shouted. "Here's little Joe, and he's going to git his lamps on that there bird if he is sick in bed;" and a small, thin face peered eagerly out of the bundle, and two sunken eyes lighted up with a wonderful joy.

"Oh, Jack! it seems like home, don't it? Makes me think of huntin' eggs and drinkin' nice warm milk, and seein' everything warm and comfortable. Let's go back, Jack." And then the little head grow weary, and the tired eyelids drooped heavily, but the smile still lingered on the child's upturned face.—Bernice E. Newell, in Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger.

#### THE SALOON BUSINESS IN OREGON.

Out in Forest Grove, Ore., a prohibition town of good repute, the city council has received an application for a saloon license. In the ordinance accompanying the application, and by which it is proposed to control the business, the restrictions on drug-stores are made much more stringent than they have been, allowing only sales upon physicians' prescriptions for actual sickness; and in case of any evasion, the buyer, the druggist, and the physician are liable to severe penalties.

The license fee named is \$1,000, payable quarterly in advance, and the saloon-keeper is also to be under \$1,000 bonds to maintain an orderly house and to observe his agreement with the town. No outward display or advertisement is to be permitted, and there must be nothing within the saloon of an offensive character. No intoxicated person may be a patron, nor are students or minors to be allowed within the doors. The saloon must close by midnight, and not open earlier than 5 A. M., while Sundays and election days are to be observed by complete cessation of business. On occasions of public gatherings there are to be special deputy marshals to guard against the possibility of disorder, and the expense of these is to be borne by the licensee. And to all these agreements the applicant is to be bound, not merely by the possibility of a fine of from \$50 to \$200, and the forfeiture of his license, but also by a civil contract with a \$1,000 penalty. The town, for its part, may revoke the license

at any time. In this manner the authorities will have absolute control of the liquor business and of all men who engage in it.

Should the ordinance carry, there will come the interesting question of location for a saloon, as all the city deeds contain a liquor forfeiture clause, except those covering land in the "Cherokee Strip," which is out of the business portion of the city.

#### A POSSIBLE BIT OF WESTERN PAST LIFE.

A curious formation of sandstone was found recently in a quarry on a farm near Bloomer, Wis. It is in the exact shape of an Indian's foot, encased in a moccasin. The resemblance is



A STONE FOOT THIRTY-TWO INCHES LONG AND WEIGHING EIGHTY-SEVEN POUNDS, DISCOVERED RECENTLY ON A FARM NEAR BLOOMER, WIS.

so close that when the foot was first found it was thought to be a petrification, and the townspeople offered various conjectures as to the probable size of the man that in life had been possessed of such a remarkably large foot.

From the outer edge of the heel to the end of the toes the foot is just thirty-two inches, lacking only four inches of being a yard in length. The formation of the foot is perfect, and at the ankle, as shown in our illustration, the stone is broken, as though thus separated by some titanic force from the leg of which it may once have formed a part. The circumference of the ankle, where it was broken, is thirty-five inches.

The foot is nearly four times as large as an ordinary man's foot; and, to be in proportion, a body belonging to it must be that of a giant more than twenty feet tall.

It is not very probable that the foot is a petrification, although geologists who have examined the stone are not as one on the proposition, some asserting in their opinion that it is the foot of a giant prehistoric denizen of this country, which, by action of certain chemical elements in the earth where it had lain hundreds of years, perhaps, had become a piece of stone. Others assert that it is merely a piece of sandstone, which by some strange freak of nature was given its present shape.

The stone is very hard, weighs eighty-seven pounds, and has repeatedly been exhibited to admiring throngs of people in various towns and cities, including St. Paul.

In roaming over the more uneven portions of the Northwest, especially in such localities as the Mesaba Range, and in some sections of what is known as the Minnesota Park region, queer natural formations are found very frequently. Some of them are so perfect in outline that it is exceedingly difficult to determine whether they are the results of man's handiwork or whether they were fashioned by nature.



Mousing round repositories of old newspapers one happens on much curious and interesting material. A Minneapolis man, in pursuing some research work in an Eastern library, ran across a copy of the Washington (D. C.) Intelligencer of 1833, in which was reprinted a letter from an army medical officer, sent by him from Fort Snelling, Minn., to a newspaper in his home at Portland, Me., in 1833. It attracted his attention not only on account of the interesting picture of primeval conditions around the Falls of St. Anthony, but because he was at once struck with the thought that it was quite possible that Longfellow may have seen the article in the Portland paper, for that town was then his home; and if he did, the article probably first introduced him to the Falls of Minnehaha, which he used years later in his poem of Indian and nature life, "Hiawatha."

The student has never confirmed his Longfellow theory, but he still holds it firmly, and it is at least plausible and interesting.

The letter is as follows:

"Falls of St. Anthony, Upper Mississippi, June, 1833.—There is something novel and romantic in the idea of writing, as I am doing, amid the roar of the great Mississippi Falls, seated on a broad rock at their very foot, and surrounded by scenery so august and magnificent that the dullest imagination could not fail to be inspired by it; and you, to whom I am addressing my thoughts, are more than 4,000 miles distant from me.

"There can be no scenery in the world more splendid and magnificent than that of the Upper Mississippi, especially of that portion of it above Prairie du Chien. The landscape here presents every variety of feature, from the champaign expanse of the green prairie to the abrupt and ragged bluff. These are often mingled in picturesque contrast, so that the eye is delighted, even while the mind is absorbed in that silent marvel

which such a view is calculated to inspire. Here, for the first time in my life, I beheld Indian villages in all their original rudeness—and their inhabitants unscathed or unimproved, as the case may be, by the influence of civilization. I assure you the sight of them proved always full of interest to me. The first we visited was at Wabashaw's village, pleasantly situated on the Oselle, a fine rolling prairie extending from the river about three miles back to the bluffs or highlands, but narrowing to the south, and passing through a gorge of hills, until terminated by a towering bluff, which is conspicuous for many miles in the distance.

Upon this beautiful prairie nature has lavished her treasures in full luxuriance,-grass everywhere, rich and heavy, and profusely studded with flowers. One who has never seen the Western prairies, (here universally pronounced per-ray-rah) can form no adequate idea of them from any description. Not even the sensation I experienced when first at sea, deep and thrilling as it was, affected me so much. Nature has never appeared to me in an aspect so replete with beauty and grandeur as when I stood in the midst of a prairie, upon a gentle eminence, surveying the broad expanse of waving green, ever-varying in its shades, though uniform in its massive richness,-while every breeze that passed over it came loaded with fragrance from countless flowers, and no end, no boundary to this amazing prospect save the wall of the arched heavens in the horizon, which seemed to enclose the lovely scene, and shut it out from the rest of creation.

"The noise of escaping steam soon attracted attention at Wabashaw's village, and it was not long before we saw approaching a swarthy, muscular-looking man who afterwards proved to be the adjutant general of the old chief. After friendly salutations, he accompanied us along the shore, mounted on a fine horse, and bedecked with all the tinsel and finery pertaining to the full-dress of an Indian official;—for though the one-eyed chief himself is too old or too lazy to dress himself every day, he insists upon the performance of this ceremony from his (so called) adjutant general. What with the high wooden saddle and other paraphernalia that covered the horse, the poor animal was almost overwhelmed with trappings. We soon approached the village, and heard the bustle of preparation there for our reception. First appeared a solitary horseman, then two—and then a motley assemblage of Indians came rushing forth on the

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ST. ANTHONY FALLS, MINNEAPOLIS, AS THEY APPEAR IN A SKETCH TAKEN BY JONATHAN CARVER IN 1776.

prairie, some partially ornamented with feathers, some with a single blanket, and many without even this spare garment.

"Some rode their horses without bridles or saddles, and, galloping on, looked like so many centaurs, shouting and yelling, and urging their steeds to the utmost, till all were brought up at the edge of the prairie, and the shore was fairly lined with them. 'How de do?' 'How de do?' was the only English they knew, and the only cry that I could understand—and to every question we asked, and every observation we made, they echoed back, 'How de do?' Our conversation was at length carried on by signs, which I found, to my surprise, was sufficient for all the intercourse we desired.

"For instance, we were informed, on inquiry, that the old Wabashaw was in his lodge at the village—too proud and dignified to meet even his allies anywhere but in his wigwam.

"At the village of Big Thunder, on the east shore, we were saluted by some twenty Indians, seated like tailors on the bank, loading and discharging their rifles in irregular succession. Our captain, Throgmorton (for we were in the steamboat Warrior, famous for her battle with the savages at Bad Axe last year, and for cutting off the retreat of Black Hawk's forces), across the river had given notice of the probability of a salute, and I had prepared some muskets found on board (the identical ones used in that affray), and volley for volley we returned the martial civilities of your tawny friends.

"We soon came in view of Fort Snelling, situated on a high bluff at the junction of the St. Peters with the Mississippi. My first sight of it was but a glance—for an intervening point of land concealed it as suddenly from my view,—but this glance was like a talismanic shock to my heart;—for there, broadly floating against the blue sky, through a vista of woods I beheld the proud flag of my country! Imagine what feelings must have been mine, after so long a travel in these Western wilds,—what a throb of patriotic passion must have visited me on beholding again the familiar, the much endeared vision, our country's banner, waving in sovereignty over a region which else had seemed unsubdued even by the all-pervading march of human enterprise.

The steamboat here touched ground,-and thus gave note that we had at last reached the head of navigation of the great Mississippi. I have thus passed from the mouth of this mighty river to a point where I can toss a stone from one bank to another. The first thing after dispatching my public duties at the garrison, and interchanging hospitable greetings with friends, was to gather from a coup d'oeil the widest view of the surrounding country; and this was best attained from the summit of a tower in an angle of the fort. The view was indeed glorious. Early on the following morning I set out in company with Lieut. Vail, to visit the falls whose roar I could easily hear from the barracks. On our way Mr. Vail entertained me with anecdotes of the Indian character and country, while I reciprocated by telling him the news (only three months old) from the States. The mail arrives here not oftener than once a month. Our steamboat had overtaken the canoe returning with it from Prairie du Chien, and (much to the satisfaction of the soldiers) we lifted it on board.

"After crossing a beautiful prairie, interspersed with noble ash and oak trees, and well watered by streams from the lakes north of us, we suddenly stopped at the mouth of a picturesque glen. I was conducted through it a short distance, when all at once was opened upon us one of the most beautiful and symmetrical waterfalls that can be imagined. This was the outlet of the lakes; a small stream which is here precipitated over a circular shelf of rocks, presenting a concave wall of water to the eye, and falling forty-five feet into a regular basin below. After enjoying this sight for a short season, we pursued our route across the prairie,-meeting occasionally groups of Indian girls gathering strawberries, sometimes accompanied by their beaux, dressed with most particular niceness. The toilette is to these fellows a subject of no trifling interest. Hours are spent in this branch of their devotions, drawing now a streak of paint here conformable to a most fastidious taste, and another there. of the exact shade,-arranging the folds of their blanket so as to expose most advantageously the elegance of their persons;

or poising their feathers at the most authentic angle; such are some of the elements of their toilet, and such their solicitude for the proper adaptation of them.

"It is amusing to see them contemplating themselves in the small mirror they always wear suspended from their necks, with such complacency; but ridiculous as it seemed to me I could not but recollect, on second thought, that we young Lotharios, too, were not less prone to similar vanities, and, saving the difference of a purer or more refined taste in these things, our toilet hours were not more profitably spent.

"If I had space, I would give you here an amusing account of a Sioux courtship—how We-sha-mush-ke-kia-hish-a-mush won the affections of the young and beautiful squaw, Te-ra-rah-pa-ge-we-tah; how he strutted before her in his gaudy plumage (for he was a warrior) without even a word said,—until, from an intuitive conviction of having achieved the conquest of her heart by winning her silent admiration, he ventured to offer to her father 100 ratskins, 500 wampum, and six blankets, for the possession of the straight-haired nymph. 'Howa,' ejaculated the patriarch;—which means, according to David Crockett, 'go ahead!'

"Then, addressing the damsel, the courtier utters, 'Wash-a-we wee-tish a mush' (I have bought you, squaw). 'Wush-te-mic' (I come), replies the maid; and immediately he led her triumphantly away, to cut the poles for their wigwam; he to begin his character of a social despot, she hers of a submissive slave.

"We soon reached the great falls. The river enlarges considerably above St. Peters, and is a fourth of a mile in breadth at the falls. The waters here are divided by a long and beautifully wooded island. There is another small islet, 150 feet below, which seems but a broken portion of the former, separated by the continual attrition of waters; huge masses of rock are scattered here and there in sublime confusion, all indicating disruption,—and now lie, perpetually bathed by the dashing spray of the cataract. The greatest fall is only thirty-five feet in perpendicular height. On each side of the island is a remarkably salient projection of the rock over which the stream plunges, much in the shape of a regular bastion, and again, near each shore, are similar ones, making in all four distinct projections, which give the whole a close resemblance to a fortified line.

"While contemplating the falls we met a solitary Indian, who seemed engaged in no more active employment. 'Hawh,' said he, which meant, I suppose, humph! He is now looking on in silence while I am sketching, but whether astonished or not, no outward demonstration proves. He has sold me his pipe, which I shall keep as a memento of my visit to St. Anthony Falls. Lieut. Vail told him I was a physician or medical man, and, anon, there was an evident increase of veneration and respect for me on his part. He remarked that I had come a great way, and was Pa-gee-we-tah-we-chas-ta-wash-tay-which means 'a handsome medicine man'-and I in return thought him Shahko-pe-wa-pish-a very sensible Indian! The squaws call me Pow-ta-hans-hee, or long beard on the mouth-from my mustaches-which, being rather strange to them, they consider, I presume, as appertaining to my new character of doctor,-and is honored accordingly.

"This afternoon there is to be a ball-play by three bands of the Sioux who have, among others, just received their annuity, and are about to gamble with it at ball-play. One of the bands have staked all they are worth on the hazard. They have played already for three days successively, six or seven hours without ceasing, but without deciding the game. But I must close; perhaps you may soon hear from me again."





### A YAKIMA WARBLE.

A potato went out on a mish,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me!" observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go 'way!" the onion, weeping, cried;
"Your love I carnot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,
You canteloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came, And lay down at her feet; "You cauliflower by any name, And it will smell as wheat; And I, too, am an early rose, And you I've come to see; So don't turnip your lovely nose, But spinachat with me."

"I do not carrot all to wed;
So, go, sir, if you please!"
The modest onion meckly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have pease!
Go, think that you have never seen
Myself, or smelled my sigh;
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your rye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed;
"My cherryshed bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise,
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

Yakima (Wash.) Herald.

# A ST. PAUL CIVIC LEAGUE REFORMER.

Mrs. Toun is an enthusiastic member of the Civic League, and when she came home from the recent meeting at which licenses for dairymen were agitated, she made a mental resolve to get up early the next morning and interview her milkman; so she told the cook to call her when he appeared. Now, Mrs. Toun, who is a young married woman, lives in a flat, and the next day she conversed with the milk purveyor through a speaking-tube:

"Milkman," she called down the tube, "are your cows tagged?"

"What, mum?" he bellowed.

"I say, are your cows tagged?"

"I don't think they are, mum."

"Well, I can't take milk from you any more, milkman. I'm a

"I don't understand what you mean, mum," the milk gentleman shrieked.

"This is what I mean," said Mrs. Toun, in a shrill falsetto, down the tube. "I'm a member of the Civic League, and we have all promised the president not to take milk from any cow that does not have a tag around its neck, and—"

"I'm licensed," roared the milkman.

"That's not enough," Mrs. Toun continued. "Your cows are not tagged, and I'll have to get another—"

But just then something like a big D came up the tube, and Mrs. Toun shut it with a snap, and went away with a conscious air of duty done. The way the league is educating women in municipal affairs is a great help to everybody. So opines the St. Paul Globe.

### HOW TIM PAID HIS ALIMONY.

A contributor to the Prison Mirror at Stillwater, Minn., says that it was a bright morning in June when, as Tim Moran stood

leaning upon the fence in front of his trim-looking farmhouse, he was accosted by a neat-appearing young man:

"Good morning, sir."

"Good marnin to yez," said Tim.

"Could I have a drink of water, sir?"

"Shure and ye kin," says Tim; and, entering the house, he soon returned with a glass of clear well-water. After thanking him, the stranger crossed the road and started to climb the fence.

"Phere the divil ye goin' now?" says Tim.

"Why, it is shorter this way, and I thought I would cut across lots," replied the stranger.

"There's the road," says Tim.

So the stranger started up the road. Now, the road made a sharp turn just above the gate, and by turning to look to the side of the house it was again visible. Tim, failing to see the form of the stranger on the road after making the turn, decided to investigate; so, going through the orchard, he found him reclining at ease beneath a tree.

"Didn't I show yez the road over beyant?"

"Now, look here, Mr. Moran, I am not a tramp; see, I have money."—showing his pocketbook,—"and I know you. I am going to tell you something that will make your eyes stick out. I had a curious dream about six weeks ago; It was as real as life, and it was about your farm. I could see it as plain as I do now, and I thought I found a chest of money under one of your trees. I paid no more attention to it, but, as it has been twice repeated, I concluded to investigate, and I have found the tree."

"The divil yez hav'! Say, now, jist ye cum up and have some dinner. I'll find me a chip of the ould block, and I'll treat yez fair, so I will."

So it was decided that Tim and the stranger should dig for the money and divide it accordingly. After dinner they took a pick and shovel, and the stranger led the way to a large oak tree. After a little sounding he concluded that he had found the place, and, sure enough, Tim's pick soon penetrated a wooden box.

His excitement knew no bounds. It seems that his wife had procured a divorce shortly before this occurred, and the court had instructed him to pay alimony to her. He threw his hat into the air, and yelled: "I kin pay me animony now!"

Having extricated the box, they proceeded to count the money. They found twelve hundred silver dollars apiece.

"How in the world am I going to carry this away?" said the

"Yez hav' yours and I hav' mine," says Tim.

"But, my good friend, I cannot carry this to town."

But Tim was wise in some things, and here was a chance to make something.

"I'll give yez tin hundred fer your pile, and yez can snake out of he-er."

The stranger, having argued awhile, and finding Tim more obdurate than ever, finally consented, and with Tim's check payable to bearer in his pocket, he departed. Tim, with the aid of the hired man, gathered the money and placed it in a couple of wheat bags, and the next morning he started for town. They drove directly to the bank, and Tim and the hired man carried the bags into the cashier's office.

"Good morning, Mr. Moran," said the cashier; "been buying a new horse? I cashed your check for a thousand, yesterday."

"Make out your papers," said Tim; "I kin pay me animony." "Why, what have you here, Tim?"

"Phat hav' I? Money, of course. I tell yez to make out your papers."

The cashier took up a handful of the money and looked at it. "Why, this is not silver, Tim; it is nothing but common ewter."

Poor Tim! they simply had to prop up the walls to keep them from falling on him. When he finally recovered, he concluded to see a lawyer, and departed in search of one. Going into the office of one of the leading attorneys, he said: "I wants yez to prosecute a man fer me."

"All right, Mr. Moran; state your case."

At the conclusion of Tim's narrative, the lawyer said: "All right, where's your man?"

"Phat's that?"

"I say, where's your man?"

"An' phat the divil do I hire you fer?"

"Why, it is not my business to catch your man; I will attend to the case after you get him."

"An' how much do I owe yer now?"

"Twenty-five dollars for advice."

"Twinty-foive dollars fer five minits? I'll pay you now. How much of my farm would I have left if I kept you three days? L'ave the man go, I'm makin' money."

### BLASTED HOPES IN WASHINGTON.

The other day, writes the editor of the Ballard (Wash.) News, while I was busily engaged in writing an epic poem that would chase itself down the remaining years of this world and bring The News to the attention of the literary sharps of the Sound, a rather oldish man came in through the double doors and asked if he could see the editor. I told him that he could. A vision of a year's subscription loomed up bigger than a brigantine loaded with lumber. He searched around in his pocket for a while, and then asked if he could get an envelope. He got it. Then he searched again, and inquired if it would be possible to get a sheet of writing-paper. That was furnished. Then he requested the use of pen and ink, and I went over to the other side of the room and waited half an hour while he concocted an advertisement that would run the balance of this year. Finally he laboriously concluded, and, beckoning to me, said:

"Say, I wish you'd let me have a two-cent stamp. I've jest writ a letter to my son back in I o-wey askin' him to see our local editor back there and get him to exchange with you, so I

kin get to see our ol' home paper onct in awhile."

But Druggist Carter, of this city, knocks us off the perch. Last Wednesday morning, about two o'clock, there was a violent jerk at his night-bell. He sleeps in the building, and was on his feet at once. It was an urgent call, and he knew it. Sleep is worth a whole lot to Carter, but when suffering humanity wants his services—and drugs, he

responds, day or night.

He reached the front door, and there found a young man who, by his looks, was working in some lumber-camp—a camp where there was something still greener than the timber. The youth entered the store, and, when he had accustomed his eyes to the city's electric light, he drawled: "M-i-st-e-r, d-o y-o-u k-e-e-p s-t-a-m-p-s?"

Carter was mad enough to stamp the life out of the youth, but he had just read an article on how to keep one's temper, and he concluded to apply it. So he sweetly replied, "We do."

"W-a-l-l, give me five cents' worth." Carter did so, counting two twos and a one. With this the midnight customer stood in an undecided sort of a way, clutching the stamps in his hands like a man who was taking his first ride on a street-car, and was afraid the conductor would not collect his nickel.

Carter saw it all. The youth wanted something of importance. The call for stamps was only to break the ice. Carter was glad he had held his temper, for the young man was about to order some hair-oil or bedbug poison, and didn't want anybody to see him.

Just then the customer went over to where the trusses were, and began looking them over. Carter was now sure of his ground, the man wanted an expensive truss. Quite a silence ensued, until Mr. Carter finally said:

"Is there anything else I can do for you?"

"W-a-1-1. yes," replied the limb of the logging-camp.

"What is it," said Mr. Carter, as he advanced to do business.
"W-a-1-1," drawled the youth, "I wisht you'd give me an envelope for this one-cent stamp. I ain't got no use for it."

### A MISSIONERY'S EXPERIENCE IN THE WEST.

Relating his experiences as "A Missionary in the Great West," Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady tells, in the Ladies' Home Journal, of two weddings in the same town on the same day—one in the morning and one in the afternoon—at which be officiated:

"The first wedding fee I received was ten dollars—a very large remuneration for the place and people. After the second wedding the best man called me into a private room and thus addressed me:

"'What's the tax Parson?'

"'Anything you like, or nothing at all,' I answered. I have frequently received nothing.

"'Now,' said he, 'we want to do this thing up in proper shape, but I have had no experience in this business and do not know what is proper. You name your figure.'

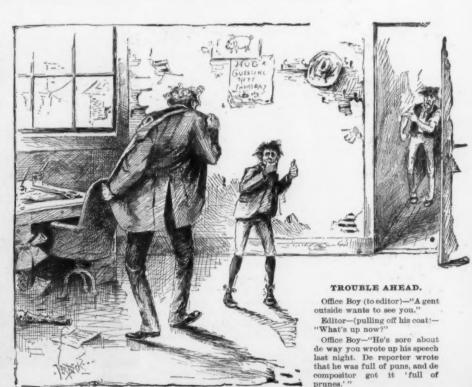
"I suggested that the legal charge was two dollars."

"'Pshaw!' he said, 'this ain't legal. We want to do something handsome.'

"'Go ahead and do it,' I said, whereupon he reflected for a moment or two, and then asked me how much I had received for the wedding of the morning.

"'Ten dollars,' I replied.

"His face brightened; here was a solution to the difficulty. 'I'll see his ante,' he remarked, 'and raise him five dollars,' whereupon he handed me fifteen dollars."



# THE GREAT SPIRIT'S GIFT TO THE PIEGANS.

This is the story told in the fitful light of the smouldering lodge-fires years ago by Black Bear, ancient chief of the Piegans. This is the tale heard by his daughter crouching in the shadows, listening, wondering, awed, as the slow words rolled from the lips of her father, the wise one. This is the legend passed from father to son in the tribes of the Blackfeet, telling how the Great Spirit gave horses to the Indians:

"It was long, long ago, and the Piegans were camped on a large flat. The two daughters of the chief one evening were looking at the stars. One star was so bright that it attracted the attention of the younger daughter. As she looked, a strange feeling came over her and she murmured, half to herself:

"'Were that star a young man, I would marry him.'

"And she looked long at the star, marveling at its brightness. The next day the chief ordered the camp to be moved. On the trail the daughter fell behind, and when the rest of her people had passed out of sight she looked up, and there before her stood a young man, beautiful in form and feature. As she knelt, frightened, before him he said:

"'Do not be alarmed, maiden. I am he thou wished to marry. Close your eyes, and I will take you to the happy hunt-

ing-grounds far away.'

"She did as she was told, and when she opened her eyes she was in her husband's lodge, far above the stars. It was a happy life she led in that distant land. Her husband's father was the great chief of many lodges; every one was kind to her, and her people looked after her every want and desire. Her life was one of idleness and happiness, until one day came a longing she could not conquer. In the wide fields of this great land grew many delicious roots, but of one of these it was forbidden to eat.

"'Of all other roots thou mayest dig and eat, but of this

root thou must neither dig nor eat.'

"But as she thought of it the desire grew; and one day, being alone in the fields, she took her sharpened stick and, finding the great root on the little mound, the temptation became greater and greater. Then, after many hesitations, she began to dig (just as the secret longing conquered Eve and Pandora). And as she dug, the little mound yielded and rolled away. leaving a great hole. Kneeling down, she looked, and, lo! she could see her father and her sister and her people coming and going in their camp far below. And as she looked she became sad; her heart ached with homesickness, and she wept.

"Thus they found her—her husband and his father. And they were sad at heart, for they knew that she must leave them. In the morning they made a long rope of buffalo-hides, and gently lowered her from the hole in the sky to her old home. All her people were happy, and made great rejoicing at the return of the long-lost daughter of the chief of the Piegans. Soon after, she gave birth to a son, and when the boy was five years old a great plague broke out, and his mother died, and also many of her people. The child was left to the care of his uncle, who now became chief of the tribe. And they were very poor, for there was no one now to make moccasins or to dress buffalo-hides for them, and hunger stalked through the camp, and the lodges were without food, and there were no dogs for the trains.

"The father of the little boy, and the Great Chief and his wife, far up in the sky, saw the suffering, and it made their hearts sad, and they took thought to see what they could do. Finally the Great Chief and his wife came to the earth, and, finding the boy alone, told him their mission, and wept with him.

"'Now, then, my son,' said the Great Chief, seating himself on the grass, 'bring me some mud.'

"And the boy did as he was told, and the Great Chief fashioned it in his hands, and as he did so he made strong medicine and muttered strange words as the wet clay took form under his fingers. Then the Great Chief put the thing on the grass, and as the boy looked at it he saw it grow and grow until it was large and moved with life at a word from the Great Chief.

"Then he looked at his work and was pleased, and called a great council of the trees of the forest, and of the birds of the air, and of all the beasts that roamed the fields. They all came as he called, for he ruled over them. And as they gathered around, he said to them:

"'I have made a horse for my son; an animal for him to ride, and one that will carry his burdens. Now give me of your wisdom to make this horse perfect.'

"And the pine-tree said: 'Oh, Great Chief, thy work is good. But the horse has no tail. From my plenty I will give it.'

"And the pine-tree did as it said, and the Great Chief murmured, 'It is good.'

"Then the fir-tree said: 'Oh, Great Chief, thy work is good. But the horse has no mane. From my plenty I will give it.'

"And it was so, and the Great Chief murmured, 'It is good.'
"Then the turtle said: 'Oh, Great Chief, thy work is good,
but the horse has no hoofs. Out of my plenty I will give it.'

"And it was so, and the Great Chief murmured, 'It is good.'
"Then the elk said: 'Oh, Great Chief, thy work is good, but the horse is too small; I am too large. Of my plenty I will give.'

"And it was so, and the Great Chief murmured, 'It is good.'
"Then the cottonwood said: 'Oh, Great Chief, thy work is good, but the horse has no saddle. Out of my plenty I will give it.'

"And it was so, and the Great Chief murmured, 'It is good.'
"Then the buffalo said: 'Oh, Great Chief, thy work is good,
but the saddle is bare. Out of my plenty I give to cover it.'

"And it was so, and the Great Chief murmured, 'It is good.'
"Then the snake said, raising its head from its coil: 'Oh.
Great Chief, thy work is good, but the saddle has no straps.
Out of my plenty will I give.'

"And it was so, and the Great Chief murmured, 'It is good.'
"Then the buffalo said again: "There is no hair-rope with which to lead the horse. Out of my abundance will I give again.'

"And it was so, and the Great Chief murmured, 'It is good.'
"Then the wolf said: 'Oh, Great Chief, thy work is good.



"There were h undreds and hundreds of them."

but there is no soft cover for the saddle. Out of my plenty 1 will give.'

"And it was so, and the Great Chief murmured: 'It is good. The horse is now complete. Take it, my son;' and the great council was ended.

"Then the grandmother turned to the boy and gave him a sack of pemmican, saying:

"'My son, treasure this carefully. It is a magic sack, and will never be empty, though you eat from it all the time.'

"And with this they left him wondering. Then he mounted his mare and rode to his people, who marveled at the strange animal. The mare soon had a colt, and then another; and in a short time there were horses enough to pack for his uncle's squaw all the lodge-skins and lodge-poles from camp to camp. Then the others became envious, and the young man told the chief, his uncle, to take his people on the morrow to the great lake, and that there he would make strong medicine and perform a miracle. And the chief did as he was told.

"In the morning the people dug holes near the edge of the lake, and waited, hiding in them; and then the young man came riding down from the hills on his mare, with her many colts following behind. Calling his uncle, he said to him:

"'I am going to leave you. You will never see me again. Here is a magic sack of pemmican. Keep it, and you will never go hungry. I have made strong medicine, and before I go I will make every living thing in the lake turn into a horse, so that there will be plenty for your people. Tell them to watch, and, when the horses come rushing from the lake, to catch as many of them as they can. But do you wait, and catch none until my old mare comes from the water; then do you catch her, and her alone. Do then as I tell you, and all will be well.'

"With these words the young man plunged into the lake and was soon lost to view in the deep waters. Soon the surface of the lake began to bubble and foam, and the Indians were frightened and would have run away had not the old chief ordered them back to their posts. And in a little while horses' heads could be seen on the water, as the animals came swimming toward the shore. There were hundreds and hundreds of them, and, as they dashed up the bank, the Indians sprung out and captured many of them; and many escaped, and those which got away formed the wild bands which even today are found on the wide plains.

"But the chief caught none of them until the old mare came out of the water, the last to come from the lake. She he caught, while the people laughed, for the old mare was aged and feeble; but he answered never a word to their jeering, for he had faith in his nephew. At night he picketed the mare near his lodge, and just as the moon was coming over the distant hills, the mare neighed three times, and out from the thick brush a thousand colts came running up. Soon the lodge was surrounded, and the chief had hundreds and hundreds of horses, and the people no longer jeered at him, for he was richer than them all.

"And that was how the Great Spirit gave his horses to the Piegans."

This is the tale the chief's daughter heard as she crouched in the shadow, listening, wondering, awed, as the slow words rolled from the lips of her father, the wise one, as he sat in the fitful light of the smouldering lodge-fire, repeating the legend which has passed from father to son in the tribes of the Blackfeet from time immemorial.

# IN THE BIG BEND COUNTRY, WASHINGTON.

Under date of March 28, Mr. George W. Curtis of Davenport, Wash., writes us as follows of the famous Big Bend District in that State:

"A trip over the prairies and through the wheat-fields of the Big Bend region at this time of the year will reveal to the traveler the almost unlimited resources of the country. Lincoln County, situated near the center of the broad stretch of tableland which lies in the bend of the Columbia River, is bounded on the north by the Spokane and the Columbia rivers, and contains 1,500,000 acres of land, most of which can be profitably cultivated. The soil is a rich, deep loam with a clay subsoil, is

easily cultivated, and with but little moisture during the summer will yield large crops.

"The surface of the land is undulating, and nowhere are the hills too abrupt for cultivation. While wheat has been grown almost exclusively by the farmers of this section, the soil and climate are adapted to the successful cultivation of a variety of the grasses used for forage crops, as well as to barley, oats, and, along the Columbia River, corn, which does fairly well, yielding thirty-five to forty-five bushels per acre. The sugar-beet grows to perfection here, and from experiments made with the product of this section it was shown that beets grown in the Big Bend Country tested higher in saccharine than those from other sections.

"Aside from the fertility of the soil and low price of land, there are other important advantages to be derived from a location in Eastern Washington, one of which is the immunity of the country from devastating storms, such as cyclones, hailstorms and electrical storms, which render life a burden in so many of the Eastern States. The winters are generally cold and bracing, with snow a greater part of the time, but never subject to the death-dealing blizzard which is so prevalent in the Dakotas, and in Kansas and Nebraska. The healthfulness of the climate is another feature of the country that has brought thousands of emigrants to this State—persons who had suffered with lung trouble and other diseases which had baffled the skill of the Eastern physicians.

"With its area of 2,450 square miles, and its fertility of soil, Lincoln County is capable of supporting a population of 75,000 people. The present population is something more than 12,000, so there is still room for newcomers. Good farm lands can be bought here for \$3 to \$5 per acre, and improved farms can be bought for \$800 to \$1,200 per quarter-section. Fruit and vegetables do well in all parts of the county; specimens of apples, potatoes, cabbage, and squashes on exhibition here during the fair last fall, were of mammoth size and excellent quality. Stock thrives and grows fat on the native bunch-grass which grows on the prairies, and when the country is properly settled up, stockraising will be one of the principal sources of revenue. Poultry products and butter are usually scarce in the towns of this section, and large quantities are imported from the East each year to supply the home market. For any one with a small capital, the poultry industry would be a profitable one here.

"Nowhere in the West are greater or more varied opportunities offered the man of limited means than in Lincoln County. Here he has his choice of trade. If he desires city life, he has an opportunity to embark in business in Davenport and other towns. If he is ambitious to grow rich more rapidly, he has but to go to the mountains and open up a mine. If he prefer the peaceful life of the husbandman, broad acres await him, and all he has to do is to stick the plowshare in the fertile soil of the prairie and plant the seed; nature will do the rest. But let it be understood that neither here nor anywhere else can the home-seeker come and find a house furnished for him and a farm ready fenced and broken and the seed planted; he must come prepared to endure some hardships and privations until the soil can be subdued and made to return a harvest.

"This county, of which Davenport is the county seat, is situated near the center of the State on a north and south line, and is in the second tier from the Idaho line on the east side of the Cascade Mountains, which divide the State into Eastern and Western Washington."

### TO THE SOUTH WIND.

Oh, wandering wind from the South,
Heavy with scent of May,
Swept you across my lady's mouth,
Bearing your sweets away?
Was ever a mouth so sweet?
O wind, and I love her so!
Rustle the warm grass at her feet,
Whisper it soft and low!
O wind, if you love me, blow
Straight into my darling's eyes;
Read if she love me well or no—
Her love bounds Paradise.

FLORENCE A. JONES.

# HARRUP EAMES' SAPPHIRE HUNT.



FTER you get broke in," said Bob Harwood of Helena, Mont., to a green New Yorker, who was questioning him about mining in that land of gold, silver and copper, "it's about as hard to quit minin' as it is for a sport to quit gamblin'. It's a fever, infatuation, a sort of a-hopin'-to-get-a-big-pile-next-pop kind o' life that a man don't generally shake off till he's dead; and yet there are exceptions. For instance, there's Harrup Eames. He's dug as many holes in these

mountains as a whole village of prairie dogs, but at last got sick and tired of it. Just now he's sawing wood and sayin' nothin'. Yet he knows about where there's the biggest sapphire the world ever seen—a big blue one, the size of an Edam cheese—and still he's that disgusted with the prospectin' life that he won't go over and get it. It was tryin' to get it in the first place that made him sick o' minin'. He had to cross a terribly rough country to begin with, and then he saw some things that kind o' put him out o' the notion of going further. As a result o' that and a throat trouble he caught afterward, he just saws wood, as I said before, and says nothin'.

"Charley Ull, Harrup's old chum, put him on. An' Charley knew about the sapphire from an Eastern professor, who was later killed by the Sioux. This professor called it a 'hexagonal crystal,' or some such outlandish name, when all along it was nothin' more nor less than a big blue sapphire, as big as an Edam cheese, and Charley never once thought it valuable till he got to noticin' that the professor buried it as regular as they moved about from camp to camp. For they was all out lookin' up curiosity specimens, and Charley was scout and guide. But what they done ain't got nothin' to do with Harrup Eames, only that Charley Ull, rememberin' about where they last pitched camp, where the professor was killed, put Harrup on, and Harrup, gettin' together his minin' tools and eatables, started out after the sapphire.

"Now, his trail led him over to and beyond the Snow Mountains. Just about fifty miles further on was another range called the Bull Mountains, and somewhere between these ranges was the sapphire. To simmer it down still finer, he had been told to look up a big patch of wild syringa which whitened the land in that neighborhood for a space of about five miles; and with these details before him he felt that he had a cinch on gettin' it.

"However, when he got to the Snow Mountains Harrup found it turnin' so cold—though it was only the beginnin' o' October—that he had to stop now and then to shake up his demijohn in order to keep the stuff inside from freezin'; but he was feelin' real cheerful by the time him and his mule got to the pass, which pass leads through and out of the range. But here, at one point, the trail broke into two. Harrup studied things over a bit, and finally decided to take the upper one. After travelin' a couple o' mile he struck the snow line, and all at once the mule refused to go on. Then he lay flat on his belly and looked over, for he'd got to the very edge of a precipice that was about a mile high. Then he faced about, and soon was takin' the other trail.

"But he'd seen somethin'. He'd seen a cluster o' cabins, lyin' a mile or so away from the foot of the precipice, and he fell to wonderin' what camp there could be in that wild and forlorn-lookin' part of the country. As he came out the pass on the lower trail, the first thing he seen was a vacant cabin. It stood

on a little hillside by itself. Harrup rode over to it and seen that it had two rooms, with a couple o' bedsteads in each room.

"'Just the thing,' says he, spreadin' his blankets on the bedstead nearest him. 'A feller can live here like a prince.' For he'd made up his mind to loaf a few days round where there was company, as much for rest as for a change.

"The camp, with its store-fronts and stragglin' log huts, lay some distance off, and Harrup started for it. Soon reachin' the store-fronts, he begin to examine the signs. The letters was pretty rusty, but he could make 'em out, and after figurin' a while he found that seven o' the signboards read 'Moose City' somethin', while only four—the next highest number—read 'Colorado' or 'Pioche.'

"'Pioche,' says Harrup, 'is in Utah, and I'm dead certain that I ain't got down as far as Colorado. So it must be Moose City that I've struck, although I'm hanged if I'm stuck on the place.'

"With that he opens the door of the Moose City saloon and goes in. There stood the bar, as natural as life, but not a soul was behind it; and off to one side was a faro layout, the box turned upside down, with the cards still in it, and dust and cobwebs hangin' to the chairs and table and coverin' everything like a porous-plaster would a soft corn. And there was a barrel, too, which Harrup tapped—a regular kill-'m-quick whisky—and it soon put funny notions in Harrup's head. He sat down before the faro layout, a pint of whisky and a box of black cigars at his side, and begin to turn the cards.

"'No limit, gentlemen,' says he, noddin' to an imaginary group; 'an if one of you will act as lookout and another as casekeeper, why you may proceed to make your bets.'

"And so he sits, and smokes, and drinks, and rakes in winnin's and pays his losin's, until the saloon got so dark he could hardly see to stumble out. Then he goes back to his residence on the hill, carryin' his whisky and cigars, followed by a small band of curious coyotes.

"But that night Harrup saw so many other things stickin' 'round that he thought tomorrow would never come. On awakin' he saw a sure-enough rattler, which suddenly showed up under the door-sill, eyed Harrup for a second, and then crawled through and out of the broken window-pane in the corner nearest him. And followin' him was another, a-doin' the identical same trick. Then they got to comin' so thick that Harrup, who'd been gettin' a trifle uneasy, took his revolver and begin to blaze away. When he'd emptied it, and the smoke had partly cleared away, he expected to find the room empty; but, instead, the snakes appeared to like it all, and to want to see for themselves how a revolver was fired, for they was scramblin' up the bedstead as curious as you please. Harrup only waited long enough to see one rattler in the lead, and then he gave a yell, jumped to the floor, and was off like a scared rabbit for town. Once he looked back, only once. Somethin' with two heads and olive-green eyeballs was a-followin' him down the road, and Harrup, thinkin' it was gainin' on him, couldn't raise the heart for a second look.

"After a long siege of this kind of work, and findin' he couldn't stand it any longer, Harrup reeled into one of the store-frents and sunk down in a heap. The last thing he could remember seein' was a blue cat dancin' in the doorway, and a couple o' kangaroos grinin' at him over the cat's shoulder. For he then fell asleep or fainted—he never knew which. When he opened his eyes again, he found himself in the Palace chop-house.

"'It's that Moose City whisky,' says he, 'and I've had 'em bad. No wonder that the boys o' this camp dropped everything and got out like the Old Man was after 'em!'

"But if the tremens had come on quick, they had left him about as fast; and Harrup, after makin' himself a hot meal up at his cabin, begin to feel a bit of strength returnin'. As he turned he happened to see a piece of signboard tacked up overhead—somethin' he'd failed to see before. There was only three letters left, and they, he made out, was 'PES.'

"'P-e-s,' says Harrup, spellin' 'em out, 'peas. This must have been a pea-ranch.'



"He's dug many a hole in these mountains."

"Then it chanced to occur to him to look around for the balance of the signboard. He found it, and stuck it up beside the other. Then he spelled out the whole thing. Then, gettin' the hang of it finally, he stared, cussed, stared again, and at last went inside, got his things together, and hurried over to get his mule. For the signboard, thus stuck together, spelt 'Pest House' as plain as you ever seen it. So you see Harrup had been livin' in a pest-house. Of course, it was the last straw.

"'Charley Ull can come and get his sapphire,' says Harrup, as he started for home, 'for blame me if I'd have it as a gift. And, moreover, I'm through with prospectin'. After seein' what I've seen, and livin' in a pest-house, with nothin' for company but glass snakes and smallpox, sawin' wood is good enough for me—I'm hanged if it ain't!'

"And so Harrup, soon as he got back to town, quit minin' and went to sawin' wood—leavin' the sapphire, big as a Edam cheese, out there in the white syringa patch between the snow range and the Bull."

"'But why doesn't he say anything?' asked a listener.

"Well," said Bob Harwood, "he got somethin' the matter with his throat awhile back, and can't. He's dumb."

# WONDERFUL HOT SPRINGS IN OREGON.

Two miles south of Lakeview, Ore., are some remarkable hot springs from which flow millions of gallons of hot water. It is said that the water boils out of these springs and runs to waste in a volume two feet wide and six inches deep, and that at a distance of 100 yards, in ordinary weather, it is at the boiling-point. During winter or summer, ranchers scald their hogs in the stream near the spring, and do it as quickly as it is done in the vats prepared for that purpose by the butchers.

Within a radius of three miles of Lakeview there are three of these springs, all very large. While the water has great medicinal qualities, and various diseases have been permanently cured by bathing in the streams, yet it bleaches well when used for laundry purposes, and will not injure the texture of either woolen or cotton goods.

Two of the largest springs are going to waste, only the one owned by a man named Grimes having heretofore been utilized at all. He has a couple of small swimming-vats inclosed in board shacks, and people go out and pay twenty-five cents occasionally for a swim.

If a railroad should reach this country, a correspondent says, there is no telling what the outcome from the use of these springs would be. The waters have never been analyzed by a chemist, but cures have been effected that rival the cures of the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and this has been done by bathing in the spring water in its crude state, without any medical advice or any regularity.

### ERE CENTURY DAWN.

[The following poem, which was published for the first time in a recent issue of the Spokesman-Review of Spokane, Wash, is so full of poetic merit and of sterling thought and sentiment that we reproduce it as a literary effort worthy of the great Northwest.]

In this the waning light of rounded years, We swing the portal of the century near; In ecstacy of hope—through blur of tears, We wait the word prophetic, Be of cheer.

The Holy of the Holies enter we,
The dream of ages and of seers foretold,
A day of kinder motive, bondless, free,
The Century-tide—where meet the New and Old.

In clash of hungry steel and din of hate, We hear the echo of a dying Past; We pray it jangle not the new-born State, Nor that its clang this pregnant year outlast.

For dispensation new the world hath need
Of peace on earth and God's good will to men;
Where Love shall make new war—on lust of greed,
And old-war steel shall thirst for blood in vain.

And what have ye to gain of arms ye bear, O Nations army-mad, in fevered strife? What measure will be mete for blood ye spare, For waste of treasure and for sunken life?

The fittest, ye have drained to mar and slay— Survived the weakling to beget your young! Decadence dogs your dead march all the way, From hall to hut, the haunting wail is wrung.

Ye pile the burdens higher, year by year, For every ship ye build are builded two; In wild alarm, ye counsel take of Fear, Nor see the end whereof—the ill ye brew!

Ho! Armistice! Ye leaders, be ye wise, Ere yet the Century-aands have all been spilled. A truce to let of blood! Ye nations, rise And call the measure of your hate o'erfilled.

For halt shall come; nor may the question cease: "The turn, be it of choice, or led by fate?"
To bid for rising joy of unarmed Peace;
Or War, to broadcast wild the seeds of hate!

Come, now, and let us resson, saith the Lord, If there be not for men an holier way; For ye shall lay no lines of less reward Than such have fallen ere this Epoch Day.

We wait a newer school in things of State, Of joy in brotherhood, and weal of men, To lift the Human Life—put Love for hate; Look ye—the writing on the wall again!

If e'er an hour outrolled within our ken
When it were due to pause, one cometh now—
And on apace—when o'er this world of men
There broodeth thought of Peace, o'er aching brow.

So be ye swift to take your fill of blood, Then haste to wipe your blades, ere set of sun; For men implore that in more human mood, The wide world o'er, the Century be begun.

Mark not with stain of blood that sacred hour— At turn of Century-tide. This threshold cross With lowered lance. Show ye a mightier power, That counteth war, and spoils of war, all loss.

O ye who are the hope of this, our day,
Who dominate world-thought—ye of our tongue,
Defy not, but ally, that ye may say
On Century morn, no battle hymn be sung.
WILLIAM HENRY LYNCH.

# THE EVOLUTION OF A GREAT INDUSTRY.

Less than two years ago there came to St. Paul, in a quiet way, an industry that has since developed into one of giant magnitude. There was no blowing of trumpets, no long announcements in the local press; but back of the huge enterprise were brains, capital, and a determination that never fails. Among the first to notice and to appreciate this new industry was this magazine, and in several illustrated articles we sought to draw attention to what seemed to us a crowning acquisition to local industrial growth in these closing days of the century. The very

The meat of this conversation involves a brief review of the company's active past, as tending to show its successive achievements. Three years ago the American Grass Twine Company established its first plant at Oshkosh, Wis. This enterprise proving successful, it soon afterward bought the great works of the Northwestern Cordage Company of St. Paul, and equipped a second and larger plant for the utilization of grass material. The business still growing beyond all expectations, the company was obliged to increase its facilities tenfold by erecting other big works in West Superior, Wis., and in Brooklyn, N. Y. Every movement has been forward. The grass binding-twine, rope, and other cordage of the factories; the carpets, rugs, carpet lining, cotton bagging and other woven fabrics and products -including artistic furniture similar in appearance but very superior to that made of reed and rattan, leaped into a popularity which has no precedent in the development of American industries. These products are so unique, so handsome, so serviceable and durable, that a market was found awaiting them. The

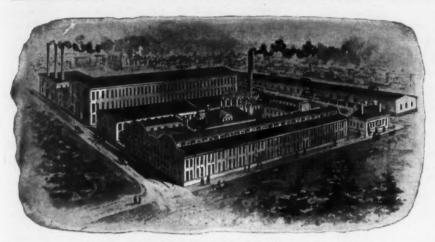


THE IMMENSE WOOD HARVESTER COMPANY PLANT AT HAZEL PARK, ST PAUL, RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE AMERICAN GRASS TWINE COMPANY.

inception of the grass-twine industry, to which we of course refer, was grand, inasmuch as it purposed the creation of values where none had hitherto existed; but the beginning was as naught when compared with the magnificent results which have been evolved from it. The finishing result, it would almost seem, came with the recent purchase of the immense plant of the Walter A. Wood Harvester Works of this city by S. H. Chisholm, Hon. Henry E. Howland, and J. F. O'Shaughnessy, directors of the American Grass Twine Company-which controls and operates four large factories for the manufacture of wire grass into what are now become staple American products. This important and unexpected transaction, in which spot cash alone figured, led us to secure an interview with Mr. M. J. O'Shaughnessy, Jr., second vice-president of the Northwestern Grass Twine Company, for the purpose of learning more fully what is contemplated by the directors in the near future.

cheapness of the principal material thereof—common wire or marsh grass, permits sales to be made at little more than half the cost of competing manufacturers, and the goods are vastly more desirable every way.

Finally, with four extensive grass-twine plants established and the products thereof contracted for in advance of their manufacture, the company decided to increase its grass binding-twine output by making a harvester and binder which should be perfectly adapted to its use, and which at the same time would enable farmers to utilize the standard varieties of binding-twine if they so desired. To this end the mammoth plant of the Walter A. Wood Harvester Company was bought—a plant the buildings of which cover eleven acres of ground, fully equipped with all the requisite machinery and facilities for the manufacture of harvesters. In the spring of 1895 the Wood Company failed, and now the whole of this vast property is taken out of the hands



THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE AMERICAN GRASS TWINE COMPANY AT ST. PAUL.

of the receivers by its sudden absorption by the American Grass Twine Company. It is a consummation that is eminently satisfactory to the citizens of St. Paul, since the valuable plant now belongs to a corporation that is abundantly able to own and to operate it. It will now, probably for the first time in its history, be operated continuously and to its full capacity. Within a comparatively short time, we understand, twelve hundred men will be employed within these spacious shops; and thus it hap-

pens that St. Paul not only keeps her prized harvester works, for which so much money has been contributed, but that she is to reap a treble benefit without additional bonus or one moment of worry. The buyers are very strong financially, and they have already shown a grasp of conditions and a breadth of ability which place them in the foremost rank of American manufacturers.

All this advancement, it must be remembered, has been made in three short years. The growth has been from without, but the executive capacity, the push—the enterprise—the broad conception and the straightforward and uninterrupted achievement, have come from within. The magnitude of the company's operations is hard to grasp unless one goes into details. Nearly two thousand persons are employed in

gathering wire grass from the company's own grass lands; in the St. Paul grass-twine factory over 600 hands are now employed, the number to be increased to 1,200 during the current year; in the Oshkosh plant 400 men and women find steady work; in Brooklyn 200 persons are kept on the pay-roll; in West Superior 500 operatives will soon be working for the company; and in the great harvester plant enough men will shortly find employment to populate a good-sized village. A wealth of money is paid out to these employees—money that goes to feed and clothe thousands of men, women and children—money that finds its way into local circulation through a score of channels, benefiting all and adding greatly to the volume of jobbing and manufacturing done in each of the cities named.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the products of these factories. Our illustrations show the immense works, but only a personal inspection of the beautiful fabrics woven therein can convince the reader that so many articles of utility can be

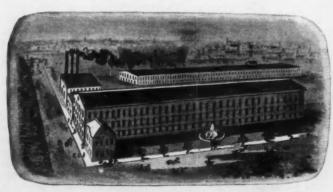
made of the simple grass which grows so abundantly on Minnesota and Wisconsin marsh-lands. Last year's demand for the company's binding-twine was strong, but a much larger quantity has already been sold for the present year in Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and in the Northwestern States. It is so strong, so impervious to rust, insects and weather, and works so smoothly and satisfactory withal, that whoever uses it once wants it again and always. Now that the company is prepared



THE AMERICAN GRASS TWINE COMPANY'S BIG PLANT AT OSHKOSH, WIS.

to manufacture reapers and binders especially adapted to its use, we shall be greatly surprised if grass binding-twine does not, at no distant day, practically supersede the old varieties. It is a good deal cheaper, and farmers and threshing-machine men alike find it more advantageous in all ways. The rugs, car-

peting, screens, easy-chairs, stands and other furniture made of wire grass are so elastic yet firm, so durable yet inexpensive, and so artistically woven and tinted that they become objects of adornment in any home or office. The demand for all these goods far exceeds the supply-this demand coming from every quarter of the Union, and increasing in volume constantly. Out of wire grass has been founded one of the greatest of industries, a result which reflects most honorable credit upon the enterprising projectors and promoters. A bit of marvelous mechanism, an equally marvelous idea, a wealth of capital, and, lo! the worthless marsh-grass of the Northwest is transformed into an infinite variety of useful and beautiful articles. It is winning its way into every department of life. It is seen in places of business, in public schools and colleges, in parlors and boudoirs; yet it is scarcely three years since the first rough blade was plucked from its native setting.



THE GREAT WEST SUPERIOR, WIS, PLANT OF THE AMERICAN GRASS TWINE COMPANY.



Entered for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.

Established 1883 by E. V. Smalley.

### BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.

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St. PAUL, MINN.

No. 5 .- Vol. XVIII.

MIDSUMMER NO.

Eighteenth Year.



In purchasing the St. Paul & Duluth Railway, the Northern Pacific Company has secured control of one of the most popular lines between the Twin Cities and the Head of the Lakes. The route is very direct, covering a distance of 155 miles, and traversing a peculiarly interesting part of the State. It is a distinct gain to the Northern Pacific system, inasmuch as it gives it new terminals at Duluth and Superior, besides a much shorter and better patronized route to the lake ports.

THE April number of this magazine was adorned with a poem of unusual merit. It was contributed by Frank Carleton Teck, of New Whatcom, Wash. Under the title-"Have You Seen My Playmates?" he has given the world a poem which merits a place alongside the best verse of Eugene Field. For beauty of thought, tenderness of sentiment, and elegance of diction it is a perfect creation. One could wish that Mr. Teck would give his Pegasus a freer rein, but perhaps this would be expecting too much of the busy editor of the Daily Blade.

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AUTOMOBILES for summer use in St. Paul's beautiful Como Park are certain to prove agreeable attractions. To ride-for one cannot say drive-up and down the shaded roadways without care and without visible motive power will be a novel experience to thousands. It would be a shrewd business scheme were some manufacturer of these vehicles to equip the park free of charge, for a very little taste of this luxurious mode of traveling would whet one's appetite for a full meal, and thus create a more general demand for horseless carriages. Once let the price be lowered within reach of the average mortal, and the automobile will be infinitely more popular than the muscle-propelled bicycle.

Some thoughtful friend in the Philippine Islands has sent us several copies of the Manila Daily Tribune. It is an eight-page paper, set in long primer, and rather fearfully and wonderfully made. The columns are well filled with advertisements from whisky and cigar concerns. Such landmarks as "Canadian Club Whisky," "Tutti Frutti Chewing Gum," and "Old Crow Whisky Rock and Rye" adorn the pages voluminously. One's first impression is that the Filipinos, both native and American, are a very thirsty class of people, and that about the only articles they really need in the subsistence line are liquors and cigars.

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RUDYARD KIPLING has written some good things-for which he has received ample credit; but we cannot say that we have any great admiration for the animal stories which he is now contributing to the Ladies' Home Journal. If the Kipling name were not back of it, the manuscript would appeal but weakly to the most-indulgent of publishers. The subject matter is all right, but just why it is necessary to clothe it in language which, in plain English, is uncouth slang, as coarse as it is utterly lacking in literary and artistic merit, passes our comprehension. This is one instance, at least, where a supposedly critical publisher offers sacrifice to reputation.

THE modern habit of making bulletin-boards of stage curtains is not to be commended. One goes to a theater or to an opera-house to be pleased-not to have the eye disgusted with a lot of advertisements on an otherwise artistic canvas. A recent drop-curtain of a Twin City theater represented a lovely scene at Harper's Ferry, with some old-fashioned buildings therein. On the sides and ends of these buildings were such local advertisements as "Go to Dixby & Company for your hats"; or "Winkham's Pills are the Best," and so on through a list of advice that might better appear in the programme. This is carrying love of money a bit too far. Even in so materialistic an age, it does seem as if the almost omnipresent bill-board might be kept off the stage.

ONCE a year comes a revival of the old-time romance on the Mississippi River. It is in the early springtime, when the first hoarse bellowing of the Diamond Jo steamers are heard. Far below the bend at Dayton's Bluff-even so far away as Hastings, ten miles distant, is heard the stentorian signal which announces the approach of the first boat of the season. By and by the beautiful packet rounds the great bend and sweeps majestically up-stream to its landing at the foot of Jackson Street-the decks crowded with passengers, the wharf crowded with interested spectators. It has come all the way from St. Louis, and there is no surer harbinger of spring. The old settler is reminded of the long ago, when the river was thick with steamers thronged with hardy emigrants; and the later denizens of the cityevery man, woman, and child of them, cry aloud in their hearts for just one trip down the Father of Waters on a Diamond Jo

VISITORS to the Yellowstone National Park need not be at all alarmed over the reports that the geysers in that interesting region are gradually dying out. Active geysers are long-lived. Their action is intermittent, and it frequently happens that they maintain a state of repose for long periods; but sooner or later, like a quiescent volcano, they break forth into life again. Seventy miles north of Reikjavik, in Iceland, are great numbers of geysers, one of which, the Great Geyser, is celebrated. So far as is known, these geysers have been in operation for centuries. Whenever the thermal springs or subterranean streams become superheated, the waters thereof find exit through the miniature craters. It is evident that the proper conditions for the bringing about of this phenomenon do not always exist, but it rarely happens that they disappear altogether. There may be a few unimportant changes in one or more of the Yellowstone geysers, but Captain Chittenden, the United States officer in charge of the park, is authority for the statement that the activity of the

various geyser basins shows no signs of diminution, and that the present status of the entire reservation is as promising and as interesting as at any time in its history.

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DOUBTLESS we would all close our eyes upon this world with less regret if we knew that we should be able to still keep track of the world's progress. Every day makes us curious to know what new thing will be revealed to us on the morrow. One of many recent revelations is the fact that 18,000 to 20,000 feet of good illuminating gas, besides fifty bushels of charcoal and one hundred forty gallons of pyroligneous acid, which contains fifty-five per cent of wood alcohol, can be made from a cord of Oregon fir. Were the demand for these products sufficiently great, it is readily seen that it would be a grievous and most extravagant sin to use a stick of this famed fir for lumber or for fuel. The Tacoma Lumberman draws a long breath and ventures the opinion that it will not be so very long before a machine for making gas and alcohol will be sold with each band-saw, and that no shingle-mill will be complete without a moonshine plant for the manufacture of mixed drinks for lumber-jacks and thirsty Indians. Another new discovery is the manufacture of syrup and vinegar from the juicy watermelon. A plant is to be established in North Yakima for this purpose, so that Washingtonians need not go away from home for pancake gravy and that necessary adjunct of baked beans. An acre of melons, so it is said, will produce five times the amount of syrup that can be grown from an acre of sorghum. In saccharine qualities the melon is far richer than cane juice, and the crop does not require half so much care. The day may yet come when we shall extract blood from turnips, and other forms of nourishment from chaff, corn-cobs, and sawdust.

A FEW papers throughout the Northwest are asking if there be not danger of overdoing the emigration business. The Fargo (N. D.) Forum seems to hold the opinion that "a large increment of emigrants coming to the State to make for themselves homes cannot be ready to consider plans conducive to the advancement of the general public, until they have become more firmly established and are better acquainted with North Dakota's best interests." In other words, the Forum fears that these new people will oppose needed legislation, necessary public improvements, etc., because of their unwillingness to increase the rate of taxation. If the larger percentage of this new population came from European countries, the fear expressed might not be groundless; but it happens that the majority of the newcomers are already citizens of the Republic-who have merely removed from one State thereof to another State. They come from Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and in nearly every instance they are able to buy farms and to establish themselves as comfortably and as permanently as many of the older settlers have. They come with money, live stock, household furniture, and farm implements, and there is yet no record of their unwillingness to take up their burden of citizenship. It not infrequently happens that these newcomers bring with them a much-needed new order of enterprise and intelligence-teaching the older neighbors better methods of farming, and infusing new life and vitality into every community they become parts of. There is room for all these settlers-every Northwestern State invites, and every influence should welcome, them.

It is said that four Eastern newspapers are about to send special representatives to tour the West in a Pullman car in search of signs of progress and development. These four men, with sketch artists and photographers, will spend six months in traveling upon railways in Missouri, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, California, Arizona, New Mexico, Kansas, Indiana, and Illinois—nineteen States and Territories. They are expected to cover not less than 20,000 miles, and during the tour some 280 columns of descriptive matter will be forwarded by them to their respective journals. It is an expensive bit of enterprise, and if the work be done well and conscientiously it should result in great good to the sections visited. No

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State can have too much advertising-of the right kind. But will these special representatives of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore papers do these nineteen States and Territories justice? Will they see everything through prejudiced eyes, or will they look at the country broadly and estimate the resources thereof fairly? In the first place, they should be taught that Indiana and Illinois no longer belong to the West, and that frontier lines were long since obliterated. They should also understand that no State can be seen from the windows of a car. Railway trackage ofttimes runs through what at least appears to be desolate wastes, back of which are blooming orchards and fields of golden grain. If the waste places be described, the fields and orchards should be pictured also. Let these young men of the East but give the West its due, and the West will rise up and call them blessed; but let them scan us with jaundiced eyes and write us with vitriolized pen, and anathemas loud and deep will fall upon them from Dan to Beersheba.

NORTH DAKOTA is experiencing a good deal of trouble on account of the imperfections of its bounty laws. For several years past a reasonable price per tail has been paid by the State, or by the counties thereof, for bona-fide gopher appendages, and many a nimble dollar has been made in this manner. Some of the dollars thus made have been very nimble indeed, much more so than the gophers. All that a man has to do is to go to the proper county authority and apply for a blank. In this blank is put down, in figures, the number of gopher tails brought in by him. The blank has no stub attached, and it appears that no other record is made of the transaction. There is no signature -naught to show to whom the bounty order is given. If the number of tails happened to be fifty, for instance, the holder of the order could transfer it to a second party who could, if he so desired, raise the number of tails to 500 or to 5,000, according to the elasticity of his conscience, and upon this number of tails the bounty would be paid. This opportunity to make money easy was so apparent to a band of sixteen men in Sargent County, that they succeeded in robbing the treasury of some \$9,000. Finally the amount of money paid out for gopher brushes grew so suspiciously large that an investigation was set on foot, and the conspirators were brought to trial. One of them testified that, according to his calculations, every quarter-section in his district contained 250,000 gophers-about one for every hill of corn that could be planted therein; but against this testimony was the statement of an honest farmer, to the effect that 350 would be a liberal estimate for the area named. It is quite likely that measures will be taken to protect the bounty act from such sinful raids in the future. A gopher tail ought to be good for one winning, but to pass the poor thing from hand to hand until it is worn out is asking altogether too much of it.





In "The Light-Bearer of Liberty," by J. W. Scholl, a book of verses recently issued by the Eastern Publishing Company of Boston, are a number of poems which possess decided merit, but which would be vastly more popular were they not tinged with so deep a coloring of Ingersollism. The title of the book is given to the author's most ambitious production, a forty-four-page tribute to the great agnostic. Mr. Scholl has considerable skill as a verse-maker, and what he has to say is said forcefully. Some of his poems are as graceful as they are strong, but not one of them will be enduring. If he has written for a class—for those that find good only in materialism, his thought may please for one brief day; but if he hopes to reach the heart of the great world, he is doomed to failure.

One of the most useful publications in Current History. It does not pick out a few topics here and there for special treatment, but each number contains the entire range of the world's important doings in war, diplomacy, science, politics, etc., giving a comprehensive view of the whole in a clear, concise and luminous style. Its successive numbers, indexed, well printed, and fully illustrated with portraits, maps, diagrams and authentic views from all parts of the world, afford a complete history of our times which is peculiarly valuable to those people who need at hand a ready reference work for daily use. It is as valuable to business men as it is to newspaper men, preachers, statesmen, teachers and pupils, and its data is strictly impartial, representing facts only. The yearly subscription is \$1.50; single copies fifteen cents.—The Current History Company, Boston.

One of those books which have "missions" to perform, and which sink quickly into hopeless obscurity because of their utter inanity, is entitled "About My Father's Business," and has been written by Austin Miles. It is intended to show up the weaknesses of church administrations—the lack of harmony and true Christianity therein, and the worldliness of so many ministers and church followers. While it is doubtless true that the religious congregations of the world are as open to criticism as any other organizations, there is a very earnest desire on the part of readers that such criticism shall at least be made by a competent mind. Mr. Miles' book is poorly written, poorly edited, and altogether crude from beginning to end. It does not deserve a place in church literature, and in all probability it will not be given one.—The Mershon Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

In tracing the descent of man as recorded in the cumbersome works of Darwin, the average reader grows weary and is quite liable to find the pages lacking in that active movement which is necessary in order to keep alive his interest. To turn from sue's works, great as they admittedly are, to "Man and his Ancestor—a Study in Evolution," by Charles Morris, is an intellectual relief. Not that Mr. Morris' little book is "light reading," but for the reason that he has brought the whole subject within the grasp and comprehension of the ordinary mind. His deductions are close, scholarly, convincing, and his literary style is fascinating. Under his treatment what were formerly dry details clothed in technical phraseology and of tedious prolixity, become as interesting as the chapters of a romance. Evolution versus creation, vestiges of man's ancestry, from quadruped to biped, the development of intelligence, the origin of language,

the conflict with nature, the evolution of morality and man's relation to the spiritual are subjects that are discussed most philosophically within the 238 pages of this entertaining volume.—The Macmillan Company, New York. For sale by the St.\* Paul Book and Stationery Company.

Charles Russell, Montana's celebrated cowboy artist, has won for himself a broader fame than any that has been achieved by his Northwestern contemporaries in the field of literature. His history is extremely interesting. The Butte Miner is authority for the statement that he is a cowboy pure and simple, and that nine months of the year are spent by him in riding over the ranges. It is during the winter months that he does his painting. Many opportunities have been offered him to pursue the study of his loved art in the best studios of the East, but he is so. wedded to cowboy life that he turns a deaf ear to all entreaties. He is not cultivated in any sense of the word, the Miner says. His artistic genius is natural. He paints what he has seen, and he never attempts a study that he is not an authority on. No other artist can hope to vie with his vivid presentations of Indian life. The figures on his canvases are true to nature in pose, color, and action. His horses are creations. These paintings of the cowboy artist have been a source of great profit to him. U. S. Senator Clark paid him \$700 for a single Indian canvas, and some of his paintings occupy prominent positions in the Hoffman House, New York. Russell is a modeler in plastic materials, also, a piece of clay being very obedient to his skillful fingers. He is about thirty-four years of age, makes his home in Great Falls, and is not at all like one's ideal artist.

The Northern Pacific's "Wonderland 1900," by Olin D. Wheeler, is perhaps the most interesting of all the long series of this annual publication. The cover and the chapter headings are from modeled clay designs-peculiarly appropriate to the character of the work undertaken. There are 131 beautiful pages, with scarcely a page that is not rendered the more interesting by charming illustrations of picturesque scenes along the Northern Pacific system. Seventy-six pages are devoted to an exhaustive review of the Lewis and Clark exploration of the Northwest territory in 1804-1806. The author has brought to light a number of new incidents bearing thereon, and his general treatment of the subject is worthy of sincere praise. Following this chapter is the story of the Northern Pacific, from its inception down to the present; and the third division carries the reader through the Yellowstone Park, with its hot springs and geysers, its peaks and waterfalls. Mr. Wheeler has visited the thousand and one localities described a good many times, and his pen pictures of scenery along the old N. P. are the next best thing to an actual sight of it. In producing so artistic and so expensive a volume, General Passenger Agent Charles S. Fee has outdone all his previous efforts. His "Wonderland" has had a great deal to do with the popularity of his roadthousands of persons look forward to its annual appearance with pleasurable anticipations, and after each number has been enjoyed, it is laid away and preserved as carefully as if it were a portfolio of steel engravings. "Wonderland 1900" will be sent to any address upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

A life full of tenderest pathos unfolds to us as we turn the pages of "Silver Rifts," a book of poems by William Henry Nealon, who died in Tacoma, Wash., on June 27, 1899. He was his own publisher, and between the covers are scores of poems written by him under the most adverse circumstances. For a long time he lived in Minnesota, and for years he was a frequent contributor to this magazine. But his malady, consumption, forced him to seek change of climate, and for months prior to his death he was a wanderer in Texas, in Nebraska, in Wyoming, and in all the mountain States. There were no complaints. He did his work just the same—with old-time patience and sweetness, struggling for life, but not bemoaning his weakness or the self-evident end. One of his last poems, written especially for

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, and entitled "Minnehaha Falls," is here published for the first time:

> A silver sheet of sparkling gems, A canopy of drooping limbs, A string of pearls the sunbeam skims, The breast of Minnehaha.

A spray of mist, a gurgling sound, A rainbow circling half around,
A spurting fount with snow-drifts crowned The feet of Minnehaha.

Two walls of rock Dame Nature's brush Has painted with a regal flush, And capped with vine and tree and bush The sides of Minnehaha.

A rush of dancing, snow-white balls Shoot from the surging fount of falls, Kissing the feet of tinted walls— The path of Minnehaha.

It was Mr. Nealon's opinion that the above lines were the best he had ever written, but we can hardly agree with him. It seems to us that "A Little Song of Hope," which follows, illustrates his power of poetic expression in an abler way:

I've battled through adversity while skies were blue an' bright, To win of fickle Fortune but a feather in the fight. An' I've never felt a flurry nor the smallest mite distressed, Till Sol had sunk to slumber in the cradle of the West. It always seemed that even', with its darkness an' its dew, Brought forth a host of pigmies, an' these little troubles grew Till, like Gulliver, they bound me; but, when hope had nearly gone, I felt a peace come stealin' through the gateway of the dawn.

I've lain awake so troubled, an' a-tossin' through the night, A-hopin' I'd be guided in the paths o' truth an' right, A-wrestlin' with my conscience over somethin' I had done. Cr else a-plannin' duties with the risin' o' the sun; An' I've conjured up the sorrows that it seemed were sure to fall Upon me an' to wrap me in a sort o' sombre pall, But the ills have always vanished when the morning cried "Begone!" An' a dream o' peace came stealin' through the gateway of the dawn.

An' so I say to sinners, an' to saints who strive, as well, The cares that came upon you when the shades o' sorrow fell Will vanish with the vision of a soul-enlightened day, An' God will wipe the tear-drops from your swollen eyes away.

The host of little worries that beset you through the night

Shall steal in stealth an', banished, shall be frownin' in the flight,

An' the rest will be the sweeter for the ills you've undergone—

When that holy peace comes stealin' through the gateway of the dawn.

· There are many other charming poems in "Silver Rifts," some of them being of a local nature, descriptive of favorite localities. In the closing pages are two short prose sketches, the whole forming a collection well worth reading by lovers of wholesome literature.

When Joseph Gordon Donnelly wrote "Jesus Delaney," he gave to the world of readers something more than an ordinary novel. In plot it is intensely interesting; in the location of the same the reader has an opportunity to view Mexican life through the eyes of a man who remained in Mexico five years as a consul general of the United States; while its characters are so charmingly drawn as to leave the reader in doubt as to who the principal one really is.

The book tells the story of a visit to Mexico by an American who was drawn to that country by a lecture delivered by the Reverend Luther Lamb, a missionary. He meets a young Mexican champion of Christianity, one Jesus Delaney, who is mentioned by the Reverend Mr. Lamb as "the ripest fruit of his harvest." He had been named from time to time in the Mission reports as "one from whom great results were expected and a recent paragraph in the Clarion told how "he had lately . me to Alameda after five years at a Northern college.'

He proves to be a character indeed. With am accompaniment of flashing eyes and impassioned gestures he would expound the doctrines of Christianity, while with the same enthusiasm he would hold spellbound a mass of natives with his political harangues. He was a born missionary, politician, bullfighter, duelist, lover in one. In him Mr. Donnelly, with delicate innuendo and subtle irony, exposes much of the missionary work done in Mexico by our foreign missionary organizations, but it is all done so cleverly that the strongest friend of the missions can but laugh at it.

That the reader may be better able to judge of the work, some of its characters, and the subtle vein of philosophy which permeates it, we here quote, under the head of "The Padre and My Prejudices," what seems to us one of the best bits in the entire story. The author says:

I confess to a prejudice against priests. It gave me a very unpleasant feeling to know that here I was sitting with my knees touching the knees of one at every jar of the stage—a position I would have to maintain for four mortal hours. Yet there was some comfort in the fact that his presence would be a safeguard against bandits, and so I remarked to Jesus.



JOSEPH GORDON DONNELLY.

The priest evidently overheard me, for he smiled and shook his head.

"I fear," said he, "my holy office affords you no security."
"Why, they would not molest you," I said, surprised at his

good English.

"Molest me? Less than a month ago they broke into a church a few miles from Alameda, stole the chalice from the altar, and killed the aged pastor."

This was news to me. I had always a dim sort of idea that

such wretches preyed on the general public, and then sought and received absolution from priests in consideration of a part of the spoils. So I ventured an unobtrusive feeler.
"But these bandits have all religious convictions, have they not?" I did not like to say, "they are all Catholics," but that's what I meant.

what I meant.

"So has every immortal soul," he replied solemnly; "and yet sin and crime continue the world over."

"There seems rather more of this particular sin and crime in Mexico than elsewhere." I responded.

"Possibly. Yet considering that we have an Indian population of eight millions, we are not doing so badly. You have an Indian population of less than two hundred thousand, and the property of the property is here there in hounds." You have an'

your whole standing army is busy keeping them in bounds."
"You don't claim that these outlaws are all Indians?" I asked.
"No, some few are of a mixed race, just as some few of the outlaws in your Indian Territory, where in the past six months there are said to have been over two hundred murders. Americans ought to consider the Indian element of our popula tion and make allowance."

"The Spaniards did not have that consideration when they seized this country and made slaves of the aborigines." I could see he was a Spaniard.
"I will not defend the Spanish conquerors. The lust of avarice and power have always led to cruelty and wrong. Yet if comparison must be made, Indians have certainly fared bet-

ter with Spaniards than with Anglo-Saxons," and he smiled pleasantly.

"How is that, sir?" I demanded.
"Well, the Indians in Mexico are still a people, the Indians of the United States are nearly extinct. Your doctrine in their treatment seems to have been that of your famous Sheridan, 'A good Indian is a dead Indian.'"

Jesus had sat silent and moody while we talked, not appearing to be listening, but suddenly he broke forth, "Better dead than in the degraded spiritual state to which they have been re-

duced in Mexico.'

It was blunt, but to the point, and I rejoiced at this needed reënforcement. "Who shall presume to speak of the dead?" said the priest.
"The spiritual state of any man rests between his conscience

and his God."

"Yes, between his conscience and his God, but not between a priest and his God." That was a centre shot.

"Sir" said the priest with an unexpected dignity. "you mis-

"Yes, between his conscience and his God, but not between a priest and his God." That was a centre shot.
"Sir," said the priest with an unexpected dignity, "you mistake the functions of a priest."
"No!" retorted Jesus, hotly, "it is the priest who mistakes his functions. Why should that dying man confess to you when the ear of God was open to him? Why should that multitude kneel at the tinkle of your bell and prostrate themselves at the sight of your chalice? Why should they not see that the Father of all is everywhere, His voice in the winds, His glory in all the heavens?" Jesus was giving it to him straight from the shoulder. But the priest took his punishment gamely.
"You are a Christian," he said in his soft musical voice. "You believe in the omnipresence and omnipotence of God, yet when you are ill you send for a physician. Why? Because with all your faith you know the physician has studied better than yourself the physical being. When spiritually ill, why should you not call a priest who you know has studied better than yourself the spiritual being?"

Now this was an ingenious way of putting it. I confess to

Now this was an ingenious way of putting it. I confess to its puzzling me. But Jesus promptly rejoined;—
"We know, however, that the physician's power to do good is limited to his knowledge, and when he pretends a knowledge that is not his, he is a quack and a charlatan." Good! Exactly my idea! There he had him—a quack and charlatan! It was just great the hear the beat the properties the hear the search had hear the search hear the search had a charlatan. just grand to see the boy thoroughly at home with these great

truths.
"True," answered the Romanist; "but as there is no need of the physician assuming unwarranted knowledge, neither is there

"But he does so," retorted Jesus. "Does he not arrogate to himself and usurp the divine power to forgive sins?" Good again! I rubbed my hands with delight and looked at the priest. "Not at all," said he; firmly. "A power delegated is not usurped."

"What! Do you deny that you told the dying man last night

that his sins were forgiven?"
Now, thought I, he must either acknowledge the corn or

crawl.
"I told the dying man that if his repentance was sincere, his



MASSIVE MAIN ENTRANCE ARCH TO ELKS EXPOSITION AND CARNIVAL TO BE HELD IN ST. PAUL JUNE 18TH TO 30TH.

sins were forgiven him. same?" he questioned. Would you not have told him the

Jesus was silent.

"I told the dying man of God's infinite love and infinite mercy, how he had but to repent and He who gave His only beloved Son for the sinner would see that he was saved. I heard his sins as the physician would have heard his symptoms. I saw as God gives me to see their gravity. I pointed out the only reparation left for him, repentance, absolute, heartful. I believed that this repentance came, and that my efforts helped to bring it, and believing this, I smoothed the last sad agony of time with the glorious promise of eternity. Would you not have done the same?"

Jesus did not respond.

"If the tinkle of that tiny bell," he continued, "called the poor unlettered multitude to prayer, if the elevation of the sacred host roused in their simple minds the thought of Him who gave His life for them, would you condemn it?" There was honest feeling in the mellow voice.

I never thought to listen to one of his cloth, much less to listen with a prediction of the sacred for a michigant time.

listen with any glimmering consciousness of conviction, but what could be said?

"There are doctors," he continued, "who abuse their noble alling, there are priests unworthy of their sacred office. Christian men should never on that account deem all bad or blamable."

There was a long pause.

Jesus then spoke in an altered, almost apologetic tone: "I mean no reflection on the good priest," he said; "but I do insist

mean no reflection on the good priest," he said; "but I do insist that the soul in need of peace must look to God alone."

"Yet." said the priest softly, "you believe that God sent His only Son on earth in the form of man for man's redemption. God knew numan nature. Those who closed their eyes and hearts to Him opened them to the man Christ."

"To Christ, yes," said Jesus; "but let no man dare take the place of Christ."

I was glad to see Jesus had rallied.

"Christ," answered the priest, "delegated the continuance of His mission to His apostles, and they to their successors in unbroken line to this day."

unbroken line to this day."
"I deny such divine succession in the priests of Rome," said

Jesus.

"We will not discuss that," responded the priest, good-humoredly. "Your history and mine, drawing as they do from different conflicting sources, would likely lead us to opposing camps. But let us see, my friend, if we can find a common ground."

Jesus shook his head. There could be no common ground.

Jesus shook his head. There could be no common ground between them. The priest continued: "Whosoever professes to be a minister of God, and believes in his soul the righteousness of his divine mission while working on the lines laid down by Christ Himself and followed by His apostles, must do good." "I agree to that," said Jesus, cordially.

The priest smiled benignantly and went on: "Such a man, whatever his oddities of dogma, is anchored fast in the fundamental truths of faith, hope, and love. For my part, while a priest of the Catholic church and yielding to none in my devout loyalty to all her teachings, I can take the hand of such a man, whatever his creed, and call him brother."

"Shake," said I, impulsively, and there I was shaking the hand of a priest as if I had met a long-lost friend.

Joseph Gordon Donnelly, the author, is forty-three years of

Joseph Gordon Donnelly, the author, is forty-three years of age, and has lived nearly all his life in the city of Milwaukee. In 1895 he was appointed consul general to Northern Mexico by President Cleveland, and it was while there that he gathered the material for his novel. It is his first venture in the field of literature, and it is gratifying to know that the book has had an extraordinary sale in both this country and in Europe. Mr. Donnelly is a brother of M. J., James G. and John G. Donnelly of St. Paul, M. J. Donnelly being well known as one of the brightest newspaper men of the Twin Cities. The book is from the press of The Macmillan Company, New York, and is sold V. H. S. by all the leading booksellers.

# ST. PAUL'S EXPOSITION AND CARNIVAL.

The exposition and carnival to be given by the St. Paul Elks June 18 to 30, will be one of the most interesting events in the history of Minnesota's capital city. The arrangements made are on a huge scale. For a distance of ten blocks, one of the prominent streets of the city will be enclosed for the use of the exposition and carnival. Our illustration shows the magnificent arch which will be erected at the main entrance at Ninth and Cedar Streets. It will cost \$2,500.

There will be 300 booths for the display of all kinds of wares and merchandise, 100 arc lights and 2,000 incandescent lamps, a German village, and a gorgeous Midway—superior in many respects to that seen at the World's Fair in Chicago—in which ten distinct and unexceptionable shows will be in operation. There will be the Streets of Cairo with camels, elephants, and burros for old and young to ride; the Streets of India with marvelous juggling and other exhibitions; the Streets of All Nations; Hawaiian, Japanese, Oriental, Puerto Rico and Filipino theaters; Haggenback's trained animal shows, etc., the whole offering an entertainment positively bewildering. The entire carnival and exposition is given at an exceedingly moderate expense, entrance at the main gate being but ten cents, a similar amount for entrance to the Midway, and ten cents for each of the ten shows. More entertainment will be given than is ordinarily supplied for ten dollars, and the whole world is invited to attend.

### IN THE WORLD OF ART.

In order that his St. Paul studio may be more centrally located, Prof. Frederick di Giovanni has given up his former rooms in the Washburn Building, and has transferred his studio and schoolroom to the sixth floor of the Chamber of Commerce Building, corner Sixth and Robert streets. This places his studio within easy reach of every street-car line in the city, and is sure to prove very satisfactory to his many pupils. Here he will con-

### IN THE REALM OF OSTEOPATHY.

When Doctors Henderson and Huntington, the osteopathic physicians, moved their offices from the Germania Life Building to the Germania Bank Building, corner Wabasha and Fifth streets, St. Paul, they moved into one of the finest and most complete office suites in the capital city. There are five rooms, all on the first floor, and every one of them is furnished neatly and supplied with modern facilities for heating, ventilating, etc. The reception room is especially handsome-its appointments partaking of a quiet, elegant character, and perfectly adapted to the uses of such an apartment. Another room, which will prove very acceptable to lady patients, is what Doctors Henderson and Huntington call the "rest" room. It is provided with easy couches and chairs upon which and in which patients can rest after treatment, prior to leaving for their respective homes. These offices are convenient to all parts of the city, and are so accessible that the feeblest persons can reach them without weari-

The Seville office at the corner of Kent Street and Selby Avenue is of course continued, and in both offices are a sufficient number of operating-rooms to enable the doctors to treat several patients at one time. These gentlemen hold high rank among the leading osteopaths of the country. Doctor Henderson is a

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tinue to give lessons in tapestry and in oil and water-color painting on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday of each week, from 1 o'clock to 4 o'clock P. M.

Beginning Thursday, May 24, and up to October 31, he will have a class for outdoor sketching twice a week, to which work he will give his personal assistance and instruction. Those who wish to take advantage of this practical outdoor instruction, sketching landscape features, animal life, and the whole range of art work, should apply for a class membership at once. Experience of this kind educates the eye and teaches it to distinguish accurately the various colors which nature combines with such exquisite contrast and harmony.

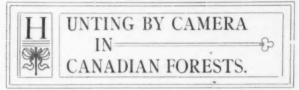
Signor di Giovanni is well known to St. Paul's artistic public, and he also enjoys an excellent reputation in Minneapolis, where he has a branch studio at 2013 Portland Avenue. By his system of teaching pupils make rapid progress, and the instructions given are so thorough that a course of lessons leaves them with knowledge well worth possessing. His charges are moderate, and every pupil receives that special care and attention which are best calculated to encourage and develop artistic taste. If you have not yet visited his studios, it would profit you to do so. This is the best time of year to join his classes.

professor in osteopathic jurisprudence in the Northern Institute of Osteopathy, and legal adviser for the Minnesota State Osteopathic Association, and Doctor Huntington, B. S., D. O., is a graduate from the State University of Minnesota, and president of the Minnesota State Osteopathic Association. They are accomplished students of the human system and all its ailments, and their treatment is so thorough, so conscientious and so practical that we do not believe anyone can take it without marked benefit. Osteopathy has taken a firm hold upon the most intelligent minds, and those who are skilled therein have a broad and successful future before them.

### ONE-HALF RATE EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST.

Special half-rate excursions have been arranged by the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway to Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Glenwood Springs, Col.; Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah; Hot Springs, Rapid City, Deadwood, and Spearfish, S. D.; and to Casper and Sheridan, Wyo.

Tickets will be sold on June 20th, July 9th and 17th, and August 1st, good for return to October 31st. This is an unusual opportunity to reach these points at least possible expense. Call on Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway ticket agents, or address A. B. Cutts, G. P. A. M. & St. L. Ry., Minneapolis, Minn.



Not long ago, when it was decided to send specimens of North American game to the Paris Exposition, Dr. Heber Bishop, of Boston, was selected by the Canadian Government to go into the woods and bring out the best specimens he could find. He started last August, and for several weeks traversed the wilds of Maine and the Provinces in search of a moose, a caribou, and a deer. He was commissioned by the Canadian Government to travel over the crown lands, which usually are closed to hunters of every kind, and was instructed to get specimens which could fairly be called the best types of large game in North America. He came back with a deer and a moose that are splendid representatives of their families, but he was unable to get a good enough caribou, and he returned to the woods in the last weeks of the season to complete the collection.

Doctor Bishop started out with the determination to shoot with his rifle only the very best specimens of moose, caribou and deer that he could find, but he carried with him a camera which he felt at liberty to use on anything that came along.

To hunt by camera, instead of by rifle, is a pastime not often or successfully indulged in by the sportsmen who make annual pilgrimages to the woods. It is seldom that even the most vain and frivolous deer will remain still long enough in the vicinity of a hunter to enable him to obtain a photograph. Most hunters find it difficult enough to reach game in the forests even with a bullet, and some so-called sportsmen shoot so uncertainly as to bring down a guide or a companion instead of the animal that they think they are aiming at.

It is only after a hunter has had many years' experience with a rifle and has learned a great deal of the most secret knowledge of woodcraft, that he may venture to use a camera with any hope of success on the fleet and timorous denizens of the wilderness. It is hard to conceive of conditions less favorable to the pursuit of photography than those which prevail where hunters most do congregate. The light in the woods, to begin with, is of the dim, religious variety, and, except in open spaces, it is full of shadows and indistinct shades. And then the subjects do not like to pose for man, for obvious reasons. It is, therefore, given only to the exceptional master of woodcraft to be able to take any kind of a picture of the living and unfettered inhabitants of the forests.

Such a nimrod is Doctor Bishop, whose remarkable experience qualifies him to do remarkable things in the hunting line. He has spent some weeks in the woods every year of his life since boyhood, and he probably has shot more very big game than almost any other man in Massachusetts. He has brought down with his rifle at least sixteen bull moose, twenty-four caribou, and 200 deer in his career as a hunter. He often says now that he feels that he has done almost enough shooting with the rifle, and wants to do most of the rest of his shooting with the camera.

If he had liked, he could have killed every one of the animals at which he snapped his camera, but as a matter of fact he was within vision and close range of fifty-eight deer before he saw the one that he concluded was the specimen that he wanted. He also saw many moose before he found the right one. He took many pictures of running game, but only a few of them were good enough to reproduce. Some of his experiences in forest photography were more interesting than a chase would have been.

It was his custom to begin the search for game very early in the morning, and not to cease until evening. Early morning and early evening are the two best periods of the day in which to make the personal acquaintance of moose or caribou or deer. Accordingly he rose as early as 3 o'clock some mornings, and was out on the lake in his canoe, with rifle and camera, by 4 o'clock, when the August sun had not yet completely penetrated the shades of the forest or dissipated the mists that hovered over the waters.

Many times he found that only a blurred and indistinguishable mass on the negative rewarded his efforts to get the photograph of a leisurely-feeding deer splashing along the bank of a lake just before sunrise. It is the habit of these independent beasts to stay up practically all night, when the weather is hot, and to begin feeding in the dark and conclude their meal shortly after daybreak. Then they retire to the cool gloom of the forests and remain there until sunset, when they visit the lake to drink

One morning, when the mist was so heavy that he could see only a few feet ahead, he was in his canoe rowing noiselessly over the lake when a sudden breeze lifted the veil of fog and revealed to him a hugh cow moose standing up to her knees in the water, with her head sunk in the elder-bushes along the shore. He saw instantly that he did not want to shoot the animal, but he decided to try to get her picture. Moving the paddle of the canoe as quietly as possible, he came up behind the great hulk so softly that he was able to touch the moose before the animal was aware of his presence. When the cow turned and saw the canoe and its occupants, she sprang wildly through the water and tore away into the bushes, the canoe rocking on the waves that were caused by the commotion of her rush to the shore. Doctor Bishop got the picture, but it showed only the troubled waters of the lake in the track of a hugh bulk melting into the gloom of the thick brush in the

On another occasion, later in the day, he was enabled to get a photograph of a big deer whose head and shoulders rose over the bushes through which it was jogging easily about twenty feet from the lake. The doctor and his guide were sitting quietly in the canoe when the photograph was taken, and the deer does not seem to have been aware of their presence, but passed unaffrighted out of view. Still another photograph of a deer was obtained when the animal was watching curiously the two hunters while the camera was leveled at the motionless figure posing in unconscious grace.

One of the most satisfactory results of the photographic operations was the photograph of a wild partridge, brooding on its nest. The hunter photographer focused his camera within a few yards of the bird, which fled only when the doctor got within reaching distance. The nest contained three eggs, and the doctor moved away quickly to let the bird resume the position from which she had been frightened.

In three days Doctor Bishop saw forty-one deer. It was the fifty-ninth deer that he saw that he decided to take as the specimen for the Paris Exposition. The picture of the animal after it had been shot shows an unusually large and symmetrical spread of antlers.

The deer was feeding near the lake when the doctor came upon it in the canoe. The sun had not yet risen, and the early morning light was hardly strong enough to afford the hunter a first-rate shot. The deer saw him as he fired, and sprang away almost simultaneously with the crack of the rifle. The bullet struck the animal a little below the shoulder, at which the shot had been aimed. The deer was wounded mortally, but tore madly through the heavy alders, and was fifty feet away before the hunter could jump ashore and fire again. The second bullet reached the fatal spot behind the shoulder, and the deer dropped dead.

The doctor had better luck with his moose. It was a big bull that he had seen several times from the lake and had marked as an excellent specimen for the exposition. Morning and evening, for several days, he had sat in his canoe hoping to see the animal come near enough for a shot.

"If he doesn't come tonight," the doctor said to the guide, "we'll give him up and move away."

The dusk was deepening ominously that evening, when the two men in the canoe were startled by a heavy crash in the brush along the shore, and before they could speak the big mose lurched through the alders and dropped his great head into the water. The canoe was barely a dozen feet away, but the tired and thirsty

brute never looked up.

The hunter aimed coolly, and the moose had taken less than half a dozen gulps when a bullet from the doctor's rifle cut the animal's spine clear through, a little below the neck. The moose was dead before the echoes of the shot had made the circle of the lake.

The specimen weighed nearly 1,300 pounds. The antlers have a spread of fifty-three inches and contain about twenty-four points. Visitors to the Paris Exposition will have a chance this year to admire the animal stuffed.

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### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A MONSTER RAFT FOR THE PACIFIC.-A raft that will contain fourteen million feet of lumber is being constructed on Puget Sound for towing to If the raft holds together while crossing the Pacific, the venture will be a paying one. If it goes to pieces, the projector will be a heavy loser, and the vessels that traverse the waters of that ocean will be in constant danger from the floating parts of the raft.

In Wisconsin Forests.—A large pine-tree was recently cut near Wausau, Wis., measuring five feet six inches in diameter at the base. Eight logs were cut out of the tree, the distance from the top cut to the stump being 102 feet. The smallest log was twenty inches in diameter at the top. Another good fourteen-foot log could have been cut had the top not been broken by the fall. The butt log scaled over 1,600 feet.

A FREAK SADDLE-HORSE.—One of the greatest curios in the Heppner Hills, the Heppner (Ore.) Gasette states, is the curly saddle-horse owned by Roy Whiteis. The animal's hair is a beautiful sorrel, and is twisted and twirled in kinks as perfect as the hair on any darkey in the sunny Southland. Such a horse would be an attraction in a circus. He is a good saddle-horse, full of life and vigor, and bids fair to carry his master for years to come

Going to Cape Nome.-The Cape Nome, Alasexcitement and rush to the Northwest has started in earnest, and home-seekers and gold-seekers are making a neck-and-neck dash across the continent, states the Seattle (Wash.) Lumber Trade Journal. The transcontinental railway lines have had their carrying capacity taxed to the utmost during the past thirty days, and the end is not yet. A great many new settlers are comare attracted to this section, owing to the scarcity of help in the mills and logging-camps in all parts of the Pacific Northwest. There is room for all.

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WISCONSIN.

found a remarkable pearl at Lynxville recently. It is a double-saucer shape, of perfect luster and measures over three-quarters of an inch in diameter and over one-half-inch in thickness. It is the largest on record found in this country, weighing 110

grains, and is said to be valued at several thousand dollars.

A large colony of Danes is to settle upon a a4,000-acre tract of land in Chippewa County. One thousand will locate there this summer, and each man will have not less than \$500 in cash to begin with.

The University of Wisconsin has offered to take entire charge of the engineering department of the city of Madison free of charge, and to work out the sewage problem which has been troubling the city for some years. The university is now engaged in practical work upon actual problems of the day, thereby greatly extending its influence among the people of the State.

There are 1,000 creameries and 1,600 cheese factories in Wisconsin. The State produced 100,000 coo pounds of butter and 64,000,000 pounds of cheese last year. The butter was valued at an average of twenty cents a pound, or \$20,000,000, and the cheese over twelve cents, or \$5,000,000. The value per pound may be overestimated, but it approaches the total valuation, and it is likely that the actual production exceeds the estimate.

At a large meeting of the representative farmers of Burnett County, held in Grantsburg recently, it was decided to build a farmers' co-operative potato starch factory in that village, to be known as the Farmers' Starch Factory of Burnett County. A committee on incorporation was appointed, and as soon as a sufficient amount of stock is disposed of, the building will be erected. They expect to grind this season's crop. The capital stock is \$15.000.

Wisconsin is doing wonders in the manufacture of starch. Two Waupaca factories grind 200,000 bushels of potatoes a year, while a factory at Stevens Point will use 105,000 bushels in the spring run. These factories make starch exclusively from potatoes, paying sixteen cents per bushel for culls, and up to the highest market price warranted in the manufacture of starch. Recently a carload of starch flour sold for three and three-quarters cents per pound.

Tobacco raising on a large scale is to be an important industry near Chippewa. A company has been organized at Colfax, and the work of erecting two mammoth drying-sheds there has now commenced. The signatures of nearly 100 farmers, residing in Chippewa and Dunn counties, have been obtained, by which they agree each to devote several acres of land on which tobacco is to be sown, and when cut it is to be brought to the drying-sheds at Colfax.

### MINNESOTA.

There were \$7,024,069 cigars manufactured in this State in 1899. During 1898 the number was 49,817,119. Several factories manufacture about 10,000,000 each.

Factory Inspector Alfred McCallum submitted a report to the labor bureau recently, showing that the mills at Duluth had cut 355,220,943 feet of lumber, 84,590,000 feet of laths and 73,348,750 feet of shingles during the past year

The Walter A. Woods Harvester Works at St. Paul have been sold to the American Grass Twine

Company, and before long the plant will be turning out reapers with an attachment for the use of grass binding-twine. The output of the works will be larger than ever.

Navigation at the Head of the Lakes began unusually early this spring, and the traffic has been heavy. For the month of April there were forty-two entrances and forry-five clearances. The total shipments aggregated 109,103 tons. This included 2,399,000 bushels of wheat, 289,500 bushels of ree, 111,000 bushels of barley, 91,000 barrels of flour, 16,400 tons of ore, and 1,502 tons of general merchandise.

Austin has concluded the purchase—from the company that has been furnishing it with electric light and power—of the electric plant, and took possession of it recently. The city already owned its water plant, and this move gives it the ownership of its lighting plant. It is now in position to reduce the cost of its water and light to the minimum, and has set an example that all other cities should follow.

It is characteristic of Minnesota towns and villages to have fine public school buildings. The first thing thought of in all these places is a school. As the towns grow, the schools keep pace with them. It is a common thing to see graded schools in towns of 1,500 to 4,000 inhabitants that compare favorably with the so-called seminaries of the East. Money is expended freely in the employment of competent teachers, and the schools themselves are supplied with every known facility in health and in educational lines. Money is never expended grudgingly on Minnesota schools, whether they be in town or country; and this is one thing that makes it so desirable a State to live in.

The Moorhead News says that one of that town's greatest material needs of today is dwelling houses. The buiding of homes has not kept pace with the increase of population in the last five years, and there exists an absolute dearth of houses for rent. "The next census will show very close to 4,000 inhabitants as against 3,202 in 1895, and the continued growth of our two large educational institutions, the State Normal School and Concordia College, renders all the more necessary the building of homes wherein the overflow from the dormitories of the institutions may be accommodated. No Northwestern city offers better inducements to those having capital to invest in dwelling-houses. The inquiry for good houses has always been noticeable here, and at present the unsupplied demand for houses of all grades emphasizes the great need of Moorhead."

### NORTH DAKOTA.

The crop outlook is good. Seeding was completed early, and in most sections of the State the conditions have been favorable to rapid growth.

Work is being pushed vigorously on the Bismarck, Washburn & Great Falls Railroad. A good deal of the grading is already done, but the grade between Bismarck and Wilton and Wilton and Washburn is still unfinished. The line will tap a splendid section of country, and reflects great credit upon General Washburn, its projector.

The resources of the 119 State banks of North Dakota at the close of business Feb. 13, as reported to the State bank examiner, were \$8,590,050.21. Of this, \$5,472.71 were in loans and discounts. The total capital stock was \$1,378,500. Deposits subject to check, and certificates of deposit, amounted to \$6,485,713.85. Of surplus and undivided profits there were \$521,392. The flourishing condition of the State banks of North Dakota is becoming a matter of general comment.

The Department of Agriculture and Labor has just issued a new statistical map of North Dakota. The map contains much information regarding the lands of the several counties of the State, and the acreage of crops sown in the year 1898. From this map we glean that there are 72,312 square miles in the State; that the population of the State is 300,000; that there are 2,979 miles of railroad; 590 postoffices; 150 newspapers; 2,333 public schools; 2,637 teachers and capital invested in

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To a purchaser of the first 160 acres in a section, we will make a special price of \$10.00 per acre and sell on easy terms. This is the best grain and stock country in the Northwest.

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banks amounting to \$16,599,120. In Richland banks amounting to \$10,599,110. In accurate County over 300,000 bushels of corn was raised, Cass County being but a little behind, but leading in wheat production with nearly 8,000,000 bushels. The old idea that corn cannot be grown successfully in Minnesota and North Dakota was exploded years ago.

Incorporation papers were sent to the secretary Incorporation papers were sent to the secretary of State recently, incorporating the Fargo, Duluth & Northwestern Railroad. A Fargo paper says: "It is proposed by the projectors of the enterprise to first build southeast, intersecting with the various roads in that direction. As soon as that is completed the road will be extended in a northwesterly direction through the counties of Cass, Steele, Traill, Nelson, Ramsey, and Cavalier to the international boundary. When that is com-pleted it is promised to build from Fargo to Duluth, thereby opening up a new lumber, stock, and farming country that will be tributary to Fargo, and at the same time give the shortest line pos-sible to the head of the lakes. This will give This will give our wholesale trade just the road they have been wanting for some time, and will assure to Fargo the commercial center of the Northwest."

### SOUTH DAKOTA.

A correspondent writes: "While there is no real 'boom,' Huron and surrounding country is com-ing in for a large share of new settlers, and those locating here are of a desirable class-thrifty, energetic, and substantial; just the class of people to make good citizens and develop a new country. Real estate transfers in town and country are very numerous, and at fair figures."

Peter Duhamel of Rapid City has sold to an Eastern syndicate, at the head of which is Corbin Morse, all his cattle, the purchase price of which amounted to \$250,000 cash. A few years ago Morse was working for wages, but he has had remarkable success in the cattle business since he started for himself, He is now considered the cattle king of the Black Hill ranges.

The marble expert brought from Vermont to examine the ground has pronounced the marble deposit in the Custer District of the Black Hills as fine in quality as he has ever seen. There is a vein one hundred and three-quarters feet by hundred feet, and from seventy-five to six hundred feet thick. It would be possible to ship \$5,000,000 worth of the marble every year, and still have enough left for all the descendants of the members of the company for a hundred years to come. There are large quantities of the gravestone and Mexican onyx, and the supply of kaolin clay is in-

Five new stamps have been added to the Holy Terror mill, and six new six-foot Frue vanner con-centrating machines have been put in the Key-stone mill. This increases their capacity greatly. All the ore being treated is taken from the Holy Terror mine, and both mills are at work on Holy Terror ore. There are thirty-five stamps dropping, and a large amount of concentrates are being treated. The Keystone District is showing considerable activity; a number of hoists have been put in recently, and considerable development work is being done.

A great deal of interest is being taken in the progress made by several prospectors who are dig-ging for coal on the farm of Martin Lee, near Brandon, about twelve miles northeast of Sioux Falls. Thus far the prospectors have reached a depth of 150 feet. In the party are men who claim to be old coal miners and familiar with the formation in which coal is usually found. They maintain that the indications at the spot where they are digging is very favorable. They ex-press the utmost confidence in striking coal in the near future, and the work of digging into the bowels of the earth in search of the useful com-modity is being pushed with vigor.

### MONTANA.

During the year ending May, 1899, building permits were issued in Butte for 698 buildings costing, in the aggregate, \$636,668. For the year ending

May, 1900, 448 permits were issued for new buildings aggregating in cost \$755, 153.

The Butte & Yellowstone Coal & Coke Company is making improvements to cost \$100,000. The coke-ovens are being increased from fifteen to six-Two miles of overhead tramway are to be built, at a cost of \$20,000. A ccal-washing plant to cost \$20,000 is to be built, and also a saw-mill.

The people of Pony, in Madison County, want the name of their town changed. The place is growing very rapidly, and the citizens are of the opinion that there is a suggestion of smallness in the word Pony which is hardly compatible with the present size and prospective greatness of the

That Montana county bonds stand well in the bond market was demonstrated at Hamilton when the issue of \$20,000 court-house bonds was offered for sale, says the Helena Herald. The bonds were for sarc, says the recent present. The bonds were five per cent, payable \$1,000 each year after June 1, 1901. There were eleven bids, all offering a premium. The successful bidder was the Ravalli County Bank, of Hamilton, which bid par and a rebate of the first two years' interest, said to amount practically to a premium of \$2,000.

Montana boasts of the second largest appleorchard in the United States. It is the property of Marcus Daly, and contains 565,000 trees, being part of the famous Bitter Root stock-farm. An-other big orchard is owned by the Bitter Root Orchard Company. It contains 49,000 apple-trees in one solid block. There are many orchards in Western Montana containing from 6,000 to 10,000 trees. Notwithstanding these large orchards, thousands of boxes of apples are shipped every Notwithstanding these large orchards, year into Montana from Eastern Washington.

### IDAHO.

Moscow is getting so far along that its citizens are asking the local authorities to begin paving the streets. This is a pretty strong indication of progress, but just what might be expected of such

The finishing touches have been put on the Northern Pacific's line in the Clearwater Valley by the completion of the drawbridge across the north fork of the Clearwater, and the road is now open for traffic. The land in that section is principally agricultural, but its development has been slow cause of its remoteness from transportation facilities. It will be settled upon rapidly enough now, however, and prove one of the most productive portions of the Northwest.

Charles Sweeney, the Spokane, Wash., capitalist, is now owner of the big Buffalo mine in the Buffalo Hump District. He formerly owned a half interest in the property, but the recent deal gives him the whole of it. It is understood that the mine has cost him a round \$200,000-and it is still only a prospect. This is probably more than was ever before paid for an undeveloped mining claim in the Northwest. Work will now be prosecuted with vigor, and there is little doubt that the Big Buffalo will become a great property.

Wallace is growing very rapidly. For months there has been an abnormal demand for houses of all kinds, and the early coming of spring has given a start to building, The town is in a whirl of activity early and late. It is a genuine mining boom. A recent visitor thinks that there are 2,500 men drawing better than \$3 per day in Wallace and in drawing better than \$3 per day in Wallace and in the camps around that town, and the cash goes to a class of people who spend their money freely. The result is abundant dollars for everybody, and prosperity all around. Capital is anxious to come into a district where such a mine as the Standard has paid over \$2,000,000 in dividends and is still in its infancy as a producer.

Mark W. Musgrove, who has spent much time in Central Idaho camps, says in a recent interview in the Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review, that he has devoted much time to an exhaustive examination of the claims in the Buffalo Hump camp, and is confident that the surface showings cannot be equaled in the world. There is a great

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# Manitoba Farm Lands



A few of the good bargains I am now offering intending settlers in Manitoba lands are as

AN IMPROVED FARM OF 240 ACRES, seven miles from Winnipeg market, all wire fenced, 100 acres under cultivation, 60 acres excellent hay land, balance all high, dry, arable land of richest soil, small frame house, stabling for sixteen head, well of excellent water. Only \$3,500, \$500 cash, balance in small yearly payments, interest 6 per cent.

480 ACRES WILD LAND, 12 miles from Winnipeg, 80 acres hay land, balance cannot be beaten for wheat growing. \$8.00 per acre,

640 ACRES, 14 miles from Winnipeg, one mile from Rosser Station. 120 acres broken, 500 beautiful high, dry prairie of finest quality, 140 hay and pasture. No better farm in Manitoba. \$12 per acre, easy terms.

A VERY VALUABLE IMPROVED FARM OF 1920 ACRES. 960 wire fenced and been under cultivation. 560 of it sown in grass, balance under cultivation. A spring creek crosses it, affording excellent drainage. 320 are hay land and 1,600 as fine wheat land as can be found. The buildings alone cost \$14,000. For a quick sale \$19,200 will buy it all, \$2,200 cash, and balance in 17 yearly payments of \$1,000 each and interest at 5 per cent.

# JAMES SCOTT.

Real Estate Agent. Winnipeg, Man.

gold zone tending northwest and southeast, in which are seven or eight parallel leads. The zone is not over half a mile wide. He is of the opin-ion there is a great ore body somewhere below the surface. It is probable that these leads come together at depth, as they are not over two hundred feet apart on the surface in several places, and all pitch to the east. It is generally conceded among mining men, though just why he is not prepared to say, that there is more permanence in leads that tend in this direction than those which run east and west, and are known as cross leads. There is no question that this is one of the best gold zones in the West, if not in the world, for it can be readily traced for several hundred miles in length, but he would not be understood to say that there is a continual outcrop for this distance, for such is certainly not the case, though in many cases at irregular intervals the outcrop is phenomenal. From best informathe outcrop is phenomenal. From best informa-tion he is convinced that this zone commences away up in British Columbia, where the mines carry both gold and silver in immense stores; crops again in the Coeur d'Alenes, where their wonderful output makes famous the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, Last Chance, Tiger and Poorman, Morning, and other properties; then runs south-easterly through the Newsome Creek Country, where we find the Iron Crown, which paid con-tinuous dividends for the past year from the runs of a five-stamp mill; then on through the Buffalo Hump District.

### OREGON.

By the use of a machine, 10,000 strawberry plants set out in a day in Hood River Valley. At Hood River a shipping warehouse is under con-struction, where a car of strawberries can be loaded in fifty minutes.

According to the Portland Telegram, building operations in that city are very active, building permits for the first quarter of 1900 aggregating nearly \$400,000, or more than half the total permits issued for the previous year.

Farmers at Bly and vicinity, in the western part of Klamath County, are engaged in excavating a big water ditch for irrigation purposes. The ditch will be twelve miles in length, and will cover many thousands of acres of good land.

La Grande's sugar factory will pay \$4.50 per ton for beets this year, and is assured that 2,600 acres will be planted. All factory employees, it is an-nounced, will be taken from the Grand Ronde Valley. The company will have seventy-eight acres in beets at Ontario.

The first ripe strawberries for the season of 1900, at Hood River, were picked Sunday, April 22, in Hood River and White Salmon. This is three days earlier than ever before known. In the very early spring of 1885, ripe wild strawberries were picked in Hood River April 25.

An early harvest is looked for this season. A Pendleton paper reports farmers north of that place predicting that heading will commence by the 15th of June. Splendid prospects for an excellent crop is the unanimous report from all parts of Umatilla County. So says the Athena Press.

The fame of the white cedar handles for brooms mops, etc., which are manufactured here, has reacharound the world, says the Bandon Recorder, and now merchants in England are making inquiry as to the famous Port Orford cedar handles, and a small sample has been dispatched to that coun-

### WASHINGTON.

James J. Hill announced upon his recent return to St. Paul that the Great Northern would expend \$2,500,000 in terminal and other improvements in the State of Washington.

A potato factory at North Yakima has a machine which peels a ton of the tubers per day. It is self-adjustable, so that it takes the small and the large potatoes just as they come.

There seems no reason to doubt that the Republic Reduction Company at Republic will have all the ore it can treat, and that its capacity will have to be doubled within sixty days after it starts up.

es to invest a limited amount, sufficient local capi-

The Manitoba & Southwestern Railroad has been completed as far as Warroad. This was the statement of a message sent to St. Paul, Minn., by an officer of the road recently. It is said that the time in the history of fruit-growing in the Palouse Country, there is a total absence of reports of damage by frost and cold weather. Trees are loaded with blossoms, and the season is now so far advanced that there is no danger of damage from frost.—Rockford (Wash.) Enterprise.

A compilation from customs records at Port A compilation from customs records at Port Townsend shows that cotton exports from Puget Sound amounted to 41,719 bales during four months closing February 1, of which 31,819 bales went from Tacoma and 9,999 from Seattle. Shipments for October were 600 bales, November 85, December 15,220, and January 13,824 bales. From local customs records it is shown that Tacoma shipped 13,540 bales during February, and Seattle 8,000 bales, passing the 20,000-bale mark for that month, while March shipments from this port will equal or exceed those of February. The will equal or exceed those of reducing. The entire shipments of cotton from Tacoma during 1899 amounted to but 31,680 bales, while the first quarter of 1900 will show a total approximately equal to that amount. So says the Tacoma West

The Tacoma Ledger says: "So far as real estate men and renting agencies know, there is not a vacant and desirable residence in the city. Every house has a tenant, and the sound of hammer and saw attests the truth of the building inspector's statistics showing fifty per cent mor building is being done than there was at this time last year. This, too, in spite of the fact that the weather is not propitious for building. Most of the new houses being constructed are residences, and the average valuation will run from \$1,000 to \$2,500, showing, as real estate men assert, that people are building and owning their own homes. In the same connection real estate own homes. In the same connection real estate men and rental agencies state that renters are beginning to purchase their own homes. Byery bargain in real estate is finding a purchaser im-mediately. There has been an average advance in rents of twenty per cent this year, and the advanced rate is paid as cheerfully as were the lower rents a year ago. Collections are stated to be easy to make, both among the business men and among residents in general. What is true of residences is also true of apartment houses and boarding houses. Renting agencies and real estate men do not know of a vacant building in the city which could be used for hotel purposes or as an apartment house. In fact, they are crying for more houses to supply the demands of their clients. Eastern money is seeking investment in such property, and several good deals are in prospect."



### ONTARIO.

An English syndicate proposes to invest \$100,000 at Rat Portage in a pulp-mill. It is said that John Mather of Ottawa is interested.

The mayor of Fort William is quoted by the Toronto World as authority for the statement that the Ogilvie elevator and mill will be built this year. The mill will be a seven-story building, and elevator will have a capacity for 750,000 bushels of wheat. An output of 1,500 barrels per day is guar-

It is stated that Winchester, situated in a splendid pork-packing district, will give a bonus of \$10,000 cash and exemption from taxation to suitable parties, for the establishment of a perk-packing industry; or, if an experienced manager wish-if the process proves a success. The big plant will

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No. 12.—160 acres three miles from Twin Valley; 120 acres cultivated; new buildings, running water. A first-class farm. \$18.00 per acre.

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that results will be satisfactory.

There is every indication of an unusually large crop of all kinds of fruit this season. For the first road will be built with as little delay as possible to Port Arthur. Several hundred miles have already been built west of Winnipeg, through the Dolphin Country, and when completed the line will be a transcontinental road.

A three-pound gold brick has been received in Toronto. It is the result of a recent clean-up at the Crown Point mine, which is situated about a mile north of the Mikado, in the vicinity of Rat mile north of the Mikado, in the vicinity of Rat Portage. It is only about six months since the first stroke of work was done on the property, but 250 feet of sinking and drifting have been put through already. The shaft is now down ninety feet. Gold was taken out within a few weeks after work commenced. It is stated that there is a vein 110 feet wide running across the preperty. A five-stamp mill is now in operation, and there is sufficient ore for twenty stamps. The property is in the hands of Montreal men, who have expended about \$25,000 on it.

### MANITOBA.

The new building for the Merchants Bank of Canada at Winnipeg will cost \$100,000.

A large quantity of brome grass seed is being sown by Manitoba farmers in the ranching districts

Winnipeg is to have a Y. M. C. A. building 80 x 130 feet in dimensions and five stories in height. It is to cost \$70,000.

Two special trains carrying six hundred immigrants, who landed at Halifax recently, left that city the other day for points in Manitoba and the Northwest. The immigrants were a good class, most of them speaking English, although nearly every European country was represented.

The number of farmers from Ontario taking up land in Manitoba and the Territories this spring is large, even in comparison with the movement in recent years. The returns will show this to be a record-breaking year for its influx of new settlers into the Northwest, and especially for the exceedingly large proportion of Canadians among them, not only from Eastern Canada, but from the United States. So says the Winnipeg Free Press.

The Manitoba and Northwest farmers had a splendid return last season, says Stewart Houston in the Toronto Globe, but expect a still better one this year. The amount of wheat acreage under cultivation has increased this year about fifteen per cent. This spring has been unusually early, and seeding began in April. All the principal towns are now forging ahead with steady growth, free from artificial inflation. Winnipeg, Bran-don, Calgary, all show the signs of a healthy and well-founded prosperity.

The agricultural advantages possessed by Manitoba surpass those of almost any other Province in the Dominion. The land is, as a rule, not disficult to break up; and the initial expense of preparing a field for its first crop is comparatively light. The land is very fertile, and it may be expected to yield good returns immediately, as well as to remain productive for many years without any application of a fertilizer. Although scientific farming nowhere has better results than in Manitoba, yet the wonderful richness of the soil produces crops with a minimum expense of labor and attention. In this respect Manitoba has a worldwide reputation,—Winnipeg (Man.) Telegram.

### ALBERTA.

It is said that settlers are simply pouring into the Edmonton Country daily; or, as a correspondent says, by the wholesale. The bridge across the Saskatchewan River is finished.

The coming summer is looked forward to confidently in Northern Alberta for a great and per-manent growth of progress and prosperity in that section of the Northwest, as a main field of supply

soon be in running order, and there is little doubt for all agricultural products required by the mining population in the Kootenays. The Government bridge across the Saskatchewan at Edmonton is now an accomplished fact, and its benefit will be felt throughout the whole district. Immigration prospects give every promise that the coming season will eclipse all previous records, and the creased acreage will swell the yield of wheat far beyond that of preceding years. The Government crop report shows that in 1899 Northern Alberta harvested 100,000 bushels of wheat and 350,000 bushels of oats more than in 1898, and the increased acreage assures a much greater increase of yield for 1990. Recognition of the gold-bearing gravelbars of the Saskatchewan as a profitable field for the investment of British capital is also counted upon to contribute to the general development and welfare of that country. The energy and intelli-gence of the methods which are making the immigration activities of the present Government so immensely successful, are attested by the quality of the immigration which is being secured, as well as by its quantity-the settlers who are coming in and taking up land in good numbers being homemakers from Eastern Canada, from the United States, and from Europe, who desire to engage in agriculture in a country where industry and thrift are assured of an abundant reward.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Le Roi mine at Rossland is now working to the full capacity of its machinery. During the last fourteen days of April the total shipments were 6,700 tons, an average of 479 tons a day, and this output is being maintained with 362 men on the

The Toronto Lumberman expresses surprise that no pulp-mill has as yet been established in this Province, where there is an abundant supply of spruce timber. It is more than probable that steps will be taken to utilize this valuable material in the near future.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company have property comprising some 200,000 acres of land, almost the entire area of which is supposed to be under-laid with coal, which, according to the geological reports, contains a large number of seams, the ag-gregate thickness of which approximates 150 feet. Reducing this one-half, there is in the property over 10,000,000,000 tons. The total output of the coal of the world is less than 300,000,000 tons per year. During the past year the mines produced 116,200 tons of coal, on which a net profit of \$47,-308.17 was made. The company is now opening up a second series of mines at Michel, about thirty miles from Fernie, so that there will be alternate sources of supply. It is understood that a dividend will be declared this year.

The progress made in mining in Southeast Kootenay during the past year settles the ques-tion beyond cavil that this district is bound to be one of the richest in British Columbia. Not only have the developments shown this to be a fact, but it has brought to the front another very important fact, and that is that the rich mineral important fact, and that is that the rich mineral deposits extend over a vast area. From the celebrated St. Eugene on Moyie Lake to the wonderfully rich North Star to the North; the Tracy Creek and Wild Horse properties on the east, and Bull River and Sand Creek properties on the south, includes a domain that has already brought forth properties the short would give form to the south. forth properties that alone would give fame to any district. Last season was the first that any great amount of money had been expended aside from three or four well-known mines, and this money has brought forth results that convince the most skeptical that Southeast Kootenay has entered upon an area of great prosperity. So says the Cranbrook (B. C.) Herald.

Situated within four miles of Silverton, in the Slocan (B. C.) District, is the biggest mining proposition within the boundaries of British Co-lumbia, if not the whole of Canada, according to a paper published in that section. This mama paper published in that section. Inis mam-moth property is situated on Eight Mile Creek on the western slope of Red Mountain, and is known as the Rockland group of claims. It is a gold-copper proposition, and there is now exgold-copper proposition, and there is now ex-posed on the property the largest body of pay ore ever encountered in the Province, not ex-cepting any of the biggest Rossland or Boundary



# The North **Coast Limited**

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### THE WHITE NORTH.

In a conservative editorial the Seattle Post-Intelligencer ridicules the idea that so very many people are going to the Cape Nome country this season. It thinks the story of the descent upon Alaska "sufficiently vivid and exciting in detail to need no artificial coloring." So far as it can learn, seventy-nine trips have already been planned from Seattle, by steamship alone, to the land of fortune, the tonnage of these vessels being 28,562. They have engaged to carry 6,000 passengers and over 25,000 tons of freight on their first voyage; and if the rush should continue throughout the season, it is thought that between 15,000 and 20,000 people, and nearly 75,000 tons of freight, will be transported from Seattle alone to the far North. If to these figures be added the host of smaller craft-some of which are already scurrying under all sail toward the golden beach, and the vessels that are due to leave the ports of Tacoma, Portland, and San Francisco, some idea may be had of the tremendous hold which this gold excitement has upon the public mind. For it must be remembered that the movement is quite popular in all the States, and that, though the greater number of 1900 argonauts will take passage from Puget Sound ports, thousands of others will sail from competing points, and still other bands will go overland to the desired goal.

A fact worth bearing in mind, our Coast contemporary says, is that the search of these adventurers is not a wild-goose chase, and that there will be no return wave of any notable proportions from Alaska. It is of the opinion that this new Territory is being opened up permanently, as was the case with California after 1849. But the soundness of this prediction rests with the future to determine. The cases are not parallel. California is not an uncomfortable country to reside in the year round, while we fancy that comparatively few of those who go to Alaska will elect to abide there any length of time after their "stakes" shall have been made. Beyond a doubt numbers of them will remain -thus helping to develop and to populate the country perma-

nently; but the larger wave will roll backward to the ports whence it started. In time, however, Alaska will attract to its shores a different class of people-men who will go there-not to mine for gold-dust and nuggets, but for the riches which can be derived from agricultural products. They will constitute the stable population of the country, and it is to them that we must look for really permanent development. So long as gold continues to be discovered there, just so long will a migratory population inhabit the auriferous sections and create large demands for food supplies; and that gold will prove the great attraction for years, and perhaps for generations to come, there is little doubt. It is there now, and it is being found in increasing quantities with each recurring season. New placers will yield their riches for a long, long time yet, and by and by will come the era of quartz-mining. Then will come the day of huge miningplants and bustling mining towns, to be followed by railways and other evidences of a fixed civilization. The valleys will be tilled for foodstuffs, the live-stock industry will be established, and almost before we know it this northernmost possession will be as populous, and may be as self-sustaining, as many of the present States of the Union.

### WEALTH IN WASHINGTON TREES.

There is something fascinating about big tree stories. In a recent issue of the Cosmopolis (Wash.) Enterprise, the statement is made that a spruce tree was cut near that place which brought the logger nearly \$100. It was 300 feet high, and nine feet in diameter at the butt. Seven logs, scaling 140,000 feet, were cut out of it, which would make enough lumber to load five or six cars. Perhaps by the time this tree was manufactured into lumber, sent to the Eastern markets, and the freight paid, it would represent a value of not less than three thousand dollars.

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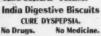
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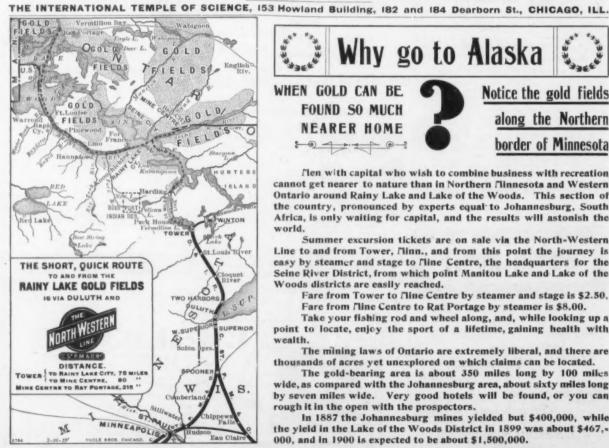
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Summer excursion tickets are on sale via the North-Western Line to and from Tower, Alinn., and from this point the journey is easy by steamer and stage to fline Centre, the headquarters for the Seine River District, from which point Manitou Lake and Lake of the Woods districts are easily reached.

Fare from Tower to fline Centre by steamer and stage is \$2.50, Fare from Mine Centre to Rat Portage by steamer is \$8.00.

Take your fishing rod and wheel along, and, while looking up a point to locate, enjoy the sport of a lifetime, gaining health with

The mining laws of Ontario are extremely liberal, and there are thousands of acres yet unexplored on which claims can be located.

The gold-bearing area is about 350 miles long by 100 miles wide, as compared with the Johannesburg area, about sixty miles long by seven miles wide. Very good hotels will be found, or you can rough it in the open with the prospectors.

In 1887 the Johannesburg mines yielded but \$400,000, while the yield in the Lake of the Woods District in 1899 was about \$467,-000, and in 1900 is expected to be about \$1,500,000.



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The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has established electric automobile service at Washington, D. C. in connection with its train service, being the first railroad to introduce this mode of transport-

ation regularly to and from its railway station.

The automobiles are of the latest electric pattern, absolutely noiseless in regard to machinery and running gear. They are provided with lux-uriously-deep cushioned seats, with electric lights and timepieces. Two small trunks can be carried on the supports at the rear of the vehicle, and the top of the cab provides ample room for small trav-eling-bags and hand luggage.

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ularly favorable for this high-class transportation, and the vehicles can in safety reach a speed from ten to fourteen miles an hour on any of the streets,

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There is no mistake about the fine new night train that the North-Western Line has put in service between Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Chicago. It leaves Minneapolis 10:40 P. M., St. Paul 11:10 P. M., and arrives Milwaukee 10:55 A. M., and at

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This new night train is equipped with standard sleepers with buffet service, free reclining chairmodern day coaches, and is wide vestibuled

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### A PATRIOTIC SCOTCHMAN

A Scotch settler in Victoria was arrested for tealing a set of bagpipes from a musically-minded stealing a set

Chinaman. When the case came up for hearing, the defense was ready and fluent.
"I'm no saying," said the Scot, "that I didna tak' the pipes, but I hold that I was parfitly justivit in rescuin' the national eeinstrument o' my, ain kintra frae the hands o' a yellow-skinned chow like yon wha kames his wee pickle hair like the tail of an auld coe. I'm willin' encuch tae pay the fine, ye ken, but I'm dashed if I'll gie bach the pipes tae siccan a jaw dicefaced birkie toe dese-crate ony mair."

### AND THEY ALL SMILED.

They were playing an alphabet game, a stupid one in which you are required to tell why you "love your love," using words all commencing with the same letter, remarks the punster of the St. Paul Daily Globe.

"I love my love with an h," said the pretty girl with the blonde, wavy hair and dark eyes, "be-cause he is handsome, because he-because he is-

oh, dear! I don't know of any other reason—I mean I can't think of anything else."

Then the tall, good-looking, rather young man began in an assured way:
"I love my love with an a," he said "because the is artless, because she is angelic, because she

is amiable, because she is an heiress, because—"
But the broad smiles on the faces about him made him stop to wonder what he could have said that was so very amusing.

### A NEWSBOY'S READY ANWSER.

The little newsboy's eyes were watery as he swung on to an Old Town car early yesterday morning, states the Tacoma (Wash.) Ledger. He had been out in the nippy air since about a o'clock in the morning, and he rushed inside the car to get out of the wind. Nearly all the seats were occupied by men coming down-town to business, The boy wormed his way past the conductor and walked down the aisle, saying, in a business-like

"Mornin' paper; all about de gambler findin' de tray of diamonds."

He sold several papers, and, as he turned to get off the rear platform, a young man who had bought a paper and hurriedly glanced through it for news of the diamonds, yelled at the boy: "Say, kid, where did they find the tray?" "Ia a deck of cards!" came the answer as quick

as a flash, and the young man's fellow-passengers

### A TRUCE WAS ON.

On a recent Saturday morning the Northern Pacific engineers began to build a depot in the beautiful valley of Kamiah, Id. Several carloads of lumber were brought up, and the boarding-cars the carpenters were pushed out on a sidefor the carpenters were pushed out on a side-track. Ar Indian, wearing a rainbow-blanket and walking like Tom Keene in "King Lear," came up to the foreman. The Indian could speak no Eng-lish, but he had with him a young buck who had been to college. The young man struck an attitude and said:

"Black Elk wants no buildings put upon his land."

The foreman was an Irishman, with a lovely brogue, and he looked inquiringly at the young

"Is this yer friend?" he asked, disdaining to look at the older man.

"I am his interpreter," was the answer.

"Did ye say yer friend's name was Black Elk?" "That is his name. He wants no buildings

"Sure, and he looks as though he might be Mohler, of the O. R. & N., trying to stop railroad building. There is a truce on, me boy, and nobody can stop us fer a few days. Tell your friend to see Mohler."

"Then I am to tell Black Elk that you refuse to grant his request?"

Tell him anything ye plaze, but there will be no stop here until the key is turned in the door. Move on, or the timbers will fall on ye."

The young Indian turned away, and the older one followed. They were not seen again that day.

### A POLITE SPORTSMAN.

R. C. Callahan, of the Rainier Cedar Shingle Company, according to the Seattle (Wash.) Lumber Trade Journal, is an ardent admirer of outdoor sports, especially duck-shooting. Intimate friends say that Mr. Callahan has killed two ducks in a three days' hunt, and could have accomplished more had it not been for his system of training his net dog "Ginger." Callahan believes in using kind language to all animals, arguing that soft words will accomplish more than hard measures that is, until recently, According to a friend of his, the other day while wallowing in the mud of the Duwamish flats after an unsuspecting duck or two, Mr. Callahan, to demonstrate his position, shot a duck and called Ginger to retrieve same in the following language:

"Ginger, kindly chase the duck; that's a nice

Ginger, according to our informant, stuck out a yard of tongue, beamed on the speaker, wagged his tail approvingly, but refused to move. "Now, please, Ginger, do get that bird, and you shall have a beefsteak in the morning," pleaded

Callahan.

Ginger didn't move, and, further persuasion being useless, the shingle wholesaler, whose patience was exhausted, yelled:

"Get out of here, and blankety-blank quick, too, you good-for-nothing cur!" And Ginger was lifted by his master's boot in the direction of the duck.



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS. (Jags 3 A. M.)-"I wonder if the old lady is asleep?"



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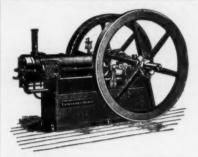
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### SPECIAL MENTION.



THE NOME GOLD-FIELDS.

The first map folder or circular respecting the Klondike gold strike of 1898 was issued by the Northern Pacific Railway. It is more than a co-incidence that the first map folder or pamphlet of the Nome Mining district comes from the same source. The present folder not only contains a good map of the Nome district, but is embel-lished with several cuts of views at Nome City and on the beach where the method of mining is clearly shown. All information obtainable reis clearly shown. All information obtainable re-garding sailing dates from Seattle and Tacoma, through rates, etc., is given in this book and the public cautioned to go to the agents of the N. P. Ry., who are supplied with diagrams of the Alas-ka Steamers, and arrange in advance for their accommodations rather than to put off this very important business until they reach Puget Sound.

There is no doubt but what there will be a very considerable passenger business from the Middle and Eastern States, and a very heavy business from the Pacific Coast States to the Nome district next spring.

For folders, rates, etc., call on, or send a two cent stamp to CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., and he will mail you the Nome folder.

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For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately, Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Wins-low's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best family physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

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# REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

For the above occasion the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Philadelphia, Pa., and return at rate of one fare for the round trip. On this basis the Excursion rate from Chicago will be \$18.00. Tickets will be sold June 14th to 18th inclusive, good for return until June 26th. Stopover allowed at Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md., within the limit, not D. C., and Baltimore, Md., within the HBH, to exceed ten days. City Ticket Office, 244 Clark St.; Depot, Grand Central Passenger Station, corses, Page 14 Parison St., Chicago. For ner 5th Avenue and Harrison St., Chicago. For further information address B. N. Austin, G. P. A, 510 Fisher Building, Chicago, Ill.

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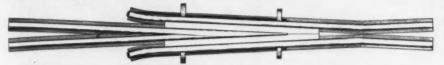
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It's an awful lucky man that can fall in love without hurting himself.

When she sees a mouse, the girl of the period is more of an exclamation point.

Baby farming, it seems to us, ought to come un-der the head of "infant industries."

A favorite way of doing a lot of work is to lie in bed in the morning thinking about it.

If men who leave their clubs late at night do not go straight home, they go as straight as they can.

Snarley-"How did Jingso get run over?" Cynicus-"He was stooping to pick up a horse-

Wife-"Oh, John, baby is trying to swallow a

John-"A cork, Maria? Stop 'er!"

Julia-"Miss Bunk says that she feels as free as bird in her rainy-day skirt." Maud—"Well, she looks like a jay."

"Why do you wag your head so constantly?" inquired the impolite dog of the goat.
"Because I chews," replied the goat.

"How do you pronounce the last syllable of that word 'butterine'?" asked the customer. "The last syllable is silent," stiffly replied the

butterman.

-"Why don't you come to our

Sunday-school, John?"

John Wah Lee—"Me flaidee Clistian hoodlums smashee head."

Will-"A German professor says that man can be weaned from the tobacco habit by feeding him sausages.

Sam-"Wieners, I suppose."

The doctor never takes his own medicine, for about the same reason that the undertaker never attends his own funeral.

"Yes," said the schoolmaster, as ne jumped wildly from his chair, "I have always been in favor of tax on raw material, but bless me if I like raw material on

Reformer-"If every drop of liquor were at the North Pole the world would be bet-ter off."

Voice-"Yes; and the whole world would be hunting for the pole until it was found."

Tellington - "Poor Mr. Moonabout is very absent-minded, isn't he!"

Mr. Tellington-"Yes; his latest freak was to lose his pocketbook and then look for it among the 'P's' in the dictionary."

"How is it you're such a reat worker?" asked the great worke grasshopper,

"Because I love work," replied the busy bee. "I couldn't be happy without it. Son-"Papa, what's a friend in need?"

Pop-"A man 'round the corner who yells 'fire' when a fellow can't think of any good excuse for going out after supper."

Mr. Pepper-"H'm! I've forgotten as much as

Mrs. P.-"I know it, John. You always were the most forgetful man I ever saw."

Ostend-"Pa, I want a dollar to buy a set of

tenpins."
Pa-"Well, you just don't get it! It' all I can do to keep your mother in pin money.

"Do you think that rabbits' feet are lucky?" Ten-

spot asked.
"I do if they are rapid enough to carry the rab-bit safely away from the hunter," replied Mullins.

Geemently jimpson! Wouldn't a Man be a reg'lar rip snorter Ef he'd never done what he ortn't An' allus done what he'd orter?

Rudolph-"Two young gentlemen wish to meet two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Money no object. How will that do, me lord?"
Rupert—"Money no objection. That sounds bet-

"See how I can count, mamma," said Kitty. 
"There's my right foot. That's one. There's my left foot. That's two. Two and one makes three. 
Three feet make a yard, and I want to go out and play in it."

Mother-"Now, Willie, take your quinine like a

Willie-"Like papa?"

Yes, like papa.

"All right; where's the whisky?"

DeTanque-"Sheen anysing o' my frien' Jaggson lash few minitsh?"

Bartender-"He was here about a half an hour

DeTanque-"Alone, or was I wish 'im?"



### HE WANTED SOUP.

Waiter-"Soup? Yes, sir; there's consomme and puree of beans,

In fact, you may have noticed that when my busiest

Reuben Hayseed—"I said soup, and I don't want any of yer kenseason is on I'm in clover." somi, and I don't want no puried beans. Soup, do you hear? Soup!"



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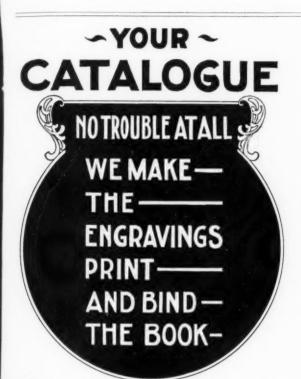
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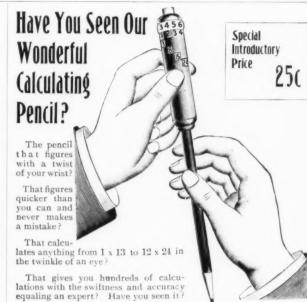


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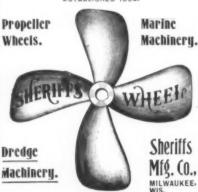
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